

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,311, Vol. 89.

10 February, 1900.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

For the first time in the history of the war the operations on the several frontiers during the course of the week have appeared to be directed as simultaneous and combined movements. This new aspect of affairs may be connected with the news that Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener have left Cape Town for the front though as yet their destination is not known. In the South General Gatacre has beaten off an attack, and General French seems to be closing round the Boers at Collesberg. General Macdonald made a movement to the west of Lord Methuen's position, but retired after sharp fighting. After General Buller had recrossed the Tugela on the abandonment of Spion Kop there were abundant rumours, but no certain information, that he had once more crossed the river to resume his attempt to relieve Ladysmith. On Wednesday night information was published by the War Office that General Buller crossed the river on Monday 5 February, that fighting was going on, but nothing was known of the result. The river appears to have been crossed at two points. A feint attack on the left engaged the attention of the enemy while the main attack by General Lyttelton's brigade was developed on the right, the Boers being taken by surprise. General Lyttelton seized the southernmost kopje, but the enemy's artillery prevented his further advance. An attempt to recapture it was made and was at first successful but the position was again carried at the point of the bayonet. The British losses in the feint and the real attack together amounted to 233 killed and wounded.

Colonel Wynne has taken over command of General Woodgate's Lancashire brigade. It is an excellent appointment. Originally a 51st man, he has for many years past been employed on the staff, and has been in succession chief staff officer at the Curragh, at Malta and at Aldershot. He has also been employed at the War Office. Colonel Miles, who succeeds him as Sir Redvers Buller's chief of the staff, is a somewhat fortunate officer who, though he wears two decorations, had seen no active service before this war began. A regular Aldershot man, he for some ten years held a succession of staff appointments at that centre; where as garrison instructor he had Prince Albert Victor as a pupil. Recently he was appointed Commandant of the Staff College.

Mr. Birrell was right, though perhaps rude, in saying that the prolongation of the debate on the Address was

due to the vanity of the occupants of the two front benches. Again and again the debate was on the point of collapsing, and some stop-gap orator had to be put up to tide over the evening. But it had been arranged that Mr. Goschen was to speak on Friday, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain on Monday, and Messrs. Asquith and Morley on Tuesday. And so the country has been kept waiting a fortnight, on the tiptoe of expectation, to hear the statements of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Wyndham, merely to give these right honourable gentlemen time to polish their periods, and hunt up their historical recriminations. Who shall say that the age of oratory is past?

Mr. Wyndham Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour (ultimately) have gained in reputation from the debate as much as Sir William Harcourt Mr. Asquith and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman have lost. We can forgive much to the exigencies of the moment in a debate; but it is difficult to pardon the prepared inaccuracy of Sir William Harcourt's answer to Lord Salisbury's strictures on the British Constitution. The Duke of Marlborough and Wellington, we were told by "Historicus," found the Constitution a good enough fighting machine. Sir William Harcourt knew perfectly well that Lord Salisbury was referring to the unknown quantity of public opinion in the press and in the street a factor which did not exist in the days of Marlborough and Wellington. The single point made by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in his somewhat pitiable plight (accentuated by the dead stop necessitated by the reception, vociferous on one side dumb on the other, of the news of the York result) was his proof that Lord Salisbury had not spent all the Secret Service money at his disposal during the last three years. As for Mr. Asquith, never was a lawyer more helplessly entangled in the coils of his own ratiocination; as we have pointed out in another part of the REVIEW.

It is extraordinary that Sir William Harcourt should never have acquired the art either of remembering what he has written, or of thinking out his sentences on his legs. Not that Sir William cannot make an impromptu speech when he is put to it, and indeed he is so much wittier without a manuscript, that his friends ought to steal his notes. But as he grows older, he seems to be more and more oppressed by a sense of responsibility, until nowadays he is, like the Scotch divine, "terribly tied to his paper." The speech on Monday was full of good things, such as "the helots who inhabit Park Lane," but it was too long, and was ineffectively delivered. The passage which attracted most attention was that about the committee on the Raid. The reason, according to Sir William Harcourt,

why Mr. Hawksley was not cross-examined, and why certain letters and telegrams were not produced, was that this would have prevented the committee from reporting that session. "And the friends of the Raid in and out of the House," added Sir William, "had sufficient influence to have prevented the re-appointment of the committee in the following session." We are not surprised that this explanation failed to satisfy the Radicals.

Mr. Chamberlain skilfully escaped from "the unhappy entanglement" of the Raid and the committee of inquiry. The fact that there was another amendment on the paper relating specifically to it gave him his chance, and he skated rapidly over the thin ice of that dangerous subject. With much tact and knowledge of human nature, the Colonial Secretary expressed warm and repeated sympathy for those who had suffered by the war, either in their own persons or in those near to them, he paid a passing tribute to the bravery of the Boers, and he recognised the difficult position of our Dutch colonists, "whose loyalty was more precious to us even than that of British colonists." All this was excellent, and had not been said before. Mr. Chamberlain was also wise enough to admit that the Government had made a mistake in not sending out more troops earlier.

It was our intense eagerness for peace, pleaded Mr. Chamberlain, that led us to defer warlike preparations until the eleventh hour. That is an explanation, rather than a justification, of the error, for it was precisely this same eagerness for peace on the part of Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone that landed us in the Crimean War. In diplomatic negotiations, as in the bargains of private life, that party gets his way who is, or appears to be, the stronger. Had we fortified Laing's Nek and strengthened our garrisons at the beginning of the year, possibly we should have got a five years' franchise without war. But we quite agree with Mr. Chamberlain that it is more important to correct our mistakes than to dwell upon them. We are glad to see that the Colonial Secretary reads his SATURDAY REVIEW so attentively, for he rebuked, almost in our own words, the undignified folly of the alarmists, who exaggerate our reverses and talk hysterically about the existence of the Empire being imperilled. Altogether Mr. Chamberlain's speech was a big success, and was received with enthusiasm in the House and in the Press.

Mr. Balfour's speech winding up the debate on the Address was finer in temper and tone even than in its debating quality, keen though it was in this respect. It was worthy of the real personality that had been somewhat obscured in the Manchester speeches. As a debating point, the inconsistencies of the Opposition were dealt with deftly and cleverly, as the Leader of the House always deals with intellectual subtleties. But far finer was his appeal to the conscience of members to examine themselves as to what was involved in their votes. And above all there was the call to the House to see that the representatives of the country should "rise to the height reached by those whom we represent." The appeal went right home; it touched the heart of the House, for at that moment it had a heart.

An amendment to the Address, moved by Mr. Kearley, calling attention to the administration of the various patriotic funds and recommending that certain surpluses should be applied for the benefit of the widows and orphans of soldiers and sailors killed in the South African War, was favourably received by the Government. Mr. Balfour very rightly promised an inquiry into the whole subject with a view to regularising and unifying the direction not only of the moneys now in the hands of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners but the South African war funds as well. Of the need of some such step there can be no doubt. Meantime the fund swells satisfactorily—a notable effort on its behalf was the Imperial concert at the Albert Hall, admirably organised by the British Empire League. That is a body whose opportunities for action are not proportionate to its significance, but what opportunities fate does put in its way, the League makes the most of.

In the foreign press Mr. Chamberlain's speech has been fixed upon as representative of the nation. This does not imply, however, that it has converted bitter anti-British opposition into acquiescence in the national view of the war. Most Continental journalists would still vote with the Opposition though they appreciate largely the point that they who believe the war unjust are absurdly inconsistent in supporting its prosecution and not daring to vote for the stoppage of hostilities. The "Allgemeine Zeitung" puts best perhaps the feelings with which Continental papers are pleased to regard the speech. It is the embodiment of British Imperialism and the desire planted in the heart of the great majority of Englishmen to rule in all quarters of the globe and have their nation the head of all nations on earth. The effect of the speech was so great because it was so English—haughty and bold like Englishmen themselves.

There is a close connexion between the pro-Boer meetings held on the Continent and in America and "atrocities" accounts supplied by the Pretoria authorities. The Boer "Appeal to the World" is one such document issued from the State Secretary's office in December. We may pass over its accounts of murders of women and children in cold blood by the British, their attempts to stir up the blacks against the Boers, to notice several other points. One interesting statement is that by the action of British cruisers at Delagoa Bay the Transvaal was being gradually drained of the necessities of life. This may be taken as a very fair specimen of the character of the whole appeal. We have only to recall the fiasco of the seizure of vessels for carrying contraband and the neutral protests as to the detention of flour cargoes. However famine is represented as threatening what the sword had failed to do and protest is made that it would be criminal to leave to the little nations that correction of degenerate England which must sooner or later come from some quarter or another.

Russia's new move in Persia, the jubilation with which it has been received alike in Paris and in Berlin and throughout Germany as an act threatening British interests in Persia and as not remotely connected with designs upon India, the mysterious occurrences in China in regard to the now denied deposition of the Emperor, about which Russia seems to know more than her competitors there, and the attempted resuscitation of the Egyptian question, may all seem to the Boers a very promising set of complications from which at any possible moment they might be benefited. But their own domestic relations with the Free State may cause them to reflect sadly that mutual jealousies among States bring many promising alliances to ineffectual conclusions.

The party in France that would push on the Government to raise the question of the evacuation of Egypt and bring about its intervention in South Africa, in emulation of what they conceive to be the policy of Russia in taking advantage of Great Britain's difficulties, is plainly told by the "Vossische Zeitung" that Germany is not to be won over to an alliance against Great Britain. There will be no departure, it says, from strict neutrality, nor any agreement to drive us out of Egypt for the French to settle there; nothing will come of this new attempt to raise the Egyptian Question. We are not more beloved by Germans than by Frenchmen but the Germans are clearly not going to allow themselves to be led into wild enterprises. However unjust their suspicions of Great Britain, there is no doubt that the German Navy Bill is popular on account of them. Thus Dr. Barth a leader of the moderate Radical party in a speech quoted by the "Times" Berlin correspondent said the other day that though there were no opposition of interests to force Germany into a war with Great Britain, the development of English Imperialism had made it eminently expedient to strengthen the German fleet.

Whatever may be the consequences of the "new move," the financial agreement of Russia with Persia, Russian explanations of it are at least amusing. The Imperial Government has authorised the Loan Bank of

Persia at Teheran to take up a loan of about three millions sterling to be issued by the Shah's Government, to be called the Five per Cent. Persian Gold Loan 1900. This loan is to be secured on all the customs duties of Persia except those of the Persian Gulf and the Province of Fars which are already mortgaged for the payment of the Six per Cent. Anglo-Persian Loan of 1892 for £500,000, and one of the conditions of the new loan is that the old loan shall be at once paid off. Two years ago an attempt was made to arrange a further Anglo-Persian Loan which was approved by our Government but chiefly on the representation of Russia this project was abandoned. Now the Russians have done what they objected to our doing. We have neglected the opportunity of developing the trade and commerce of Persia under our own guidance and Russia takes the matter out of our hands.

There was a report that the consideration for the loan would be railroad concessions in North and Central Persia and passage for troops through the province of Seistan which lies adjacent to Baluchistan and Afghanistan but if there is anything of the kind agreed it is kept quiet for the present. According to a S. Petersburg account sent by the "Times" correspondent what has been done should arrest the circulation of all reports attributing to Russia the intention of seizing Persian territory. It is a purely commercial affair designed to secure a profitable market for Russia by developing Persian prosperity. It is merely another instance of the far-sighted industrial policy which led Russia to guarantee a loan to China. Persia had to be liberated from British capitalists who regard the guarantee of the Anglo-Persian Loan by the Customs of Fars and the southern ports as giving them unrestricted control over the ports of the Persian Gulf. Hence the necessity of relieving the whole of Southern Persia from this exploitation is as vital a matter for Persia as the liberation of the Leao-tong Peninsula from the Japanese was for China in 1895. This seems a sufficiently unambiguous declaration that Russia is anticipating control of the southern parts of Persia on the Gulf as well as the northern and it is precisely here that Great Britain will have to protect her interests.

In spite of the efforts of the Nationalist and anti-Semitic press to stir up popular enthusiasm over the "triumph" of General Mercier, Parisians have accepted his election with the utmost indifference and calm. They know full well that even his presence in the Senate will not disturb the monotony of that drowsy place, and their contempt for the Palais du Luxembourg was shown at the first sitting. Whereas crowds invariably assemble before the Chambre des Députés on opening days, no one took up a position in the street for the "première" of the Senate, and so General Mercier passed through its grave gates unnoticed. There was no exhilaration within, and none on the boulevards that night. Camelots flaunted M. Fallières' speech, but no one bought it. Nor does Paris expect to be startled by the trial of Marcel Habert which is announced to take place—"circumstances permitting"—on Monday. Most Parisians look upon the recent High Court proceedings as a farce, and feel grateful to MM. Déroulède and Guérin for having troubled a long and meritorious trial by patriotic outbursts. But M. Habert is calmer and more diplomatic, and it is not likely that his trial will arouse much popular interest.

The Nicaragua Canal Convention was signed on 5 February, the ratifications to be exchanged within six months. The chief modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is that America may construct, regulate and manage the canal without any participation therein of Great Britain. Following on this concession it is agreed that the canal shall be placed substantially under the same rules as govern the navigation of the Suez Canal—the general principle of neutralisation is applied to it. By Article 8 of the original treaty its provisions were extended to other means of communication by canal or railway across the isthmus between North and South America, and to these the rules now adopted intended to secure neutralisation will also apply. We deal with this subject else-

where and we only remark here that we do not wonder at the surprise of the American officials who have prepared the treaty that there is considerable opposition to it from some classes of Americans. Its text was drafted by the State Department, and was accepted by Great Britain without criticism. Great Britain has given up every particular right she had in the matter without compensation of any kind, and there only remained one thing more she could have done—absolutely to give up the canal into American hands and sacrifice all her own as well as other nations' interests.

Sir W. W. Hunter was a conspicuous instance of an Indian official who won success outside the ordinary official limits. He probably did more than any man of his time to keep the British public in touch with the history and current affairs of the Indian Empire. In the sphere of activity he chose for himself he has left perhaps an unequalled record among Indian officials. He was above all things an historian who brought to the task a natural talent for research, a grasp of salient events, a capacity for the selection and collation of statistics and an unusual power of orderly and picturesque narrative. Unfortunately his magnum opus remains unfinished. Ill-luck dogged his efforts to prepare an exhaustive history of British India. The original material collected during many years in out-of-the-way places in Hindustan was lost at sea and death has overtaken him ere he had time to utilise the data which with prompt heroism he proceeded to collect anew.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh has issued from the Scotch Education Department a circular to School Boards and managers of schools calling attention to the importance to children of physical exercise and elementary military drill in the interests both of the pupil and the State. The moment is most opportune, and we believe the public will enter with enthusiasm into the plans of the school authorities who we have little doubt will be eager to carry out the suggestions of the circular for the formation of school corps. In seaboard parishes there might be special nautical training. Grants to schools will be much more useful for good results in this kind of work than for some of the useless subjects which have been too much taught. The eradication of weedy teachers and weedy scholars is a great national need and physical exercise will in time effect it. When we are determined not to tolerate a low physical standard in the mass of the people we shall be more concerned about the unhealthy conditions in which they live and the kind of work they do.

The County Council has resolved to ask the corporations of the principal towns in Great Britain and Ireland for their opinion as to the extent to which insurance companies should contribute towards fire brigade expenditure. It was proposed to preface this inquiry with a statement of the Council's opinion that the contribution now made by the companies in London ought to be increased, but this statement was omitted from the resolution. The wisdom of the whole proceeding seems doubtful. London is the only town in which the companies are taxed for fire brigade purposes, and the result of the movement which the County Council is setting on foot may be to destroy the case which London may possess for obtaining an increased contribution or even for continuing to receive a contribution at all. The decisions of Parliament in recent times are adverse to the imposition of a general tax of the kind proposed. The duty of fire extinction has come to be regarded as one which concerns the whole body of the citizens of a town.

A deputation waited upon the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Ritchie at the Privy Council Office on Monday and urged the importance of preserving and developing the Buckland Museum of Fish Culture at South Kensington. The Duke of Abercorn, Lord Portsmouth Sir Spencer Walpole and others who led the deputation got rather cold comfort from the President of the Council who reminded them that two committees had already advised the abolition of the Museum. The Duke of Devonshire said he did not regard South Kensington as the proper repository for the specimens

(some of which have been destroyed as useless, whilst others have been relegated to the cellars) and he regretted that Frank Buckland's legacy of £5,000 had not been taken over and administered by a private organisation. Nor was the tone of Mr. Ritchie's reply very hopeful: the Board of Trade would be glad to take over the Museum provided the Treasury found the money—such was the gist of it. So it is safe to say that the matter is comfortably shelved for an indefinite period.

We are not among those who clamour incessantly against hide-bound English officials and try to persuade themselves that every trade and industry is hampered and discouraged by the departmental authorities. But it is certain that very little enterprise is shown by the State in regard to British fisheries. Our beautiful trout streams are shamefully polluted, and our salmon fisheries go year after year from bad to worse. The authorities, who are supposed to devote themselves to these matters, are possibly not too well acquainted with pisciculture questions. They produce heavy blue books, which are usually dull and unimpressive: it is very rarely that we ever get a report of such interest and showing such real research as that issued by the Fishery Board of Scotland two years ago, in which Dr. Paton, Mr. Walter Archer and others discussed the question of the food of salmon in fresh water. Why do not the authorities try to produce an annual report somewhat on the lines of the excellent and most readable volume prepared every year for the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of the State of New York by Mr. A. N. Cheney? The latest volume of that enterprising and wide-awake body has just been issued; and it is a report which can be read with pleasure and profit by anyone who is interested in our own fisheries. Why should British State reports on this and kindred subjects be from an intellectual point of view nearly always repellent?

The Government has kept the secret of its financial policy so well that opinions are divided in the City as to the precise course that will be adopted to meet the current expenditure of the war. According to the Supplementary Estimate issued yesterday, the total cost up to the end of the financial year on 31 March will amount to £23,000,000, of which sum £10,000,000 has already been voted, so that another £13,000,000 will be asked for. Two courses are open to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He may either make an immediate issue of Consols or of "emergency bonds," or he may defer his final proposals until he brings in the Budget in April; using in the meantime the credit of the Government. The latter course appears to us to be the wiser, even if it cause some inconvenience to contractors and shipping companies, as by the end of March the Government will be in a better position to estimate the duration and cost of the war.

Although no definite news of importance has been received from the seat of war the general tone of all the markets has been good. There is a prevalent disposition to agree with Lord Roberts that the turn of the tide has come, a belief which seems to be spreading even to the Continental pessimists, to judge from the buying orders from abroad. The strongest market has been American rails, and it is significant that the London prices have been consistently above parity. Mines both Australian and African have been remarkably steady. As a natural result of the war the demand for shares in the leading armament companies has been conspicuous, and their prices have all risen. The traffics of the Northern Argentine lines have been affected by the bubonic plague, of which the most has been made by the bears. The Western and Southern lines are unaffected by the disease, which is worst at Rosario, and the traffic of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway showed an increase of £730. It is believed by those who are in a position to know that the maize crop is too far advanced to be seriously injured by the heat wave. The Bank rate is unchanged, and they who sold Consols in anticipation of an immediate issue are apparently correcting their judgment by buying them back. They closed 101½.

THE DILEMMA OF THE OPPOSITION.

IT is amazing, as Colonel Kenyon-Slaney said, "what extremely foolish things can be said by extremely able men." Mr. Asquith is an extremely able, if not the ablest, man on the Front Opposition bench. Yet in what a mesh of inconsistency and sophistry has he involved himself by his speech and vote in support of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's amendment! We understand the position of Sir Robert Reid and Sir William Harcourt, who regarding the war as unjust, unnecessary, and therefore immoral, desire to censure the Government which brought it about. We even understand the sympathy of the Irish Nationalists with the two republics, marred as the presentment of their case was by the clowning of Mr. Healy and others. While the attitude of these gentlemen seems to us unpatriotic, and from an electioneering point of view extremely foolish, it is at least logically comprehensible and consistent. But we utterly fail to follow the reasoning of those who agreeing, in Mr. Asquith's words, that "the war was forced upon us and we could engage in it with clean hands and a clear conscience," speak and vote for a motion of no confidence, which if carried must result in the resignation of the Government. To the defence of this impossible position Mr. Asquith devoted all the resources of his trained and subtle intellect. He contended that Parliament was "the grand inquest of the nation," whose most important function was the examination and judging of the acts of the Executive. We quite agree, and there is very little chance of this particular duty of Parliament being lost sight of in these days. But was it necessary to move an amendment to the Address in order to criticise the Government? The Address consisted almost exclusively of references to the war, so that no criticism, however minute and specific, of the policy of the Government would have been out of order in the debate which follows the reading of the message from the Throne. Sir William Harcourt quoted indeed as a precedent the opposition offered to the American war in the last century by Chatham, Fox, and Burke. The precedent is good enough to cover Sir William Harcourt and Sir Robert Reid, but it is of no use to Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. Fox, we may remind "Historicus" in passing, was a member of Lord North's War Ministry: but Chatham and Burke consistently maintained that we had no right to tax our American colonies, and that consequently the war was unjust and oppressive. That however is not the position of Mr. Asquith with regard to the South African Republics. Our hands are clean; our consciences clear: the war might have been avoided, but by Mr. Kruger, not by Mr. Chamberlain. And so it comes to this, that Mr. Asquith and they who followed him into the lobby on Tuesday night deliberately attempted to turn out the Ministry in the middle of a war for the purpose of "uncrossing the t's and undotting the i's" of Mr. Chamberlain's despatches, and of tracing the entanglement at Ladysmith to Sir Alfred Milner's pledge that Natal would be defended by the whole force of the Empire. The criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy is perfectly legitimate: the assigning to Sir Alfred Milner the full measure of his responsibility is quite correct: and the debate on the Address affords ample, if not too much, opportunity for the holding of an inquest of that kind. But it is a very different thing to propose to paralyse the country by a Ministerial crisis at a moment when the enemy is still in occupation of our territory.

The dilemma of the Opposition is complete. Either Mr. Asquith and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman meant to turn the Government out by a vote of censure, or they did not. If they did, we must take it as the policy of the Radical party to deprive the country of a responsible Ministry and to hand the Government over to the clerks of the Treasury and the War Office at the hour when Lord Roberts is beginning his march upon Bloemfontein, and General Buller is making a supreme effort to dislodge the Boers from Natal. Is that the Radical policy? If the leaders of the Opposition did not mean to turn the Government out, they are guilty of trifling with the nation. For it is no answer to say that of course they knew the amendment would not be

carried, and that it is a well-understood constitutional form of opposition. The form is well understood, though not in a sense that can protect the leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition. By an unbroken tradition it is recognised that a vote of censure, or of want of confidence, means business, and involves the existence of the Government. For this reason it is the invariable custom of the First Lord of the Treasury to give such a motion every precedence and facility in his power, and it is contrary to etiquette to cut short its discussion by the closure. But this chivalrous ceremony is based upon the understanding that it shall not be abused, that the vote of censure means what it says, and that its authors are prepared for the consequences of its being carried. Are the leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition prepared to form a Cabinet at this minute? They have avowed that they are not. How then are their votes in favour of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's amendment reconcilable with logic or patriotism? Probably, as Mr. Chamberlain said, the country does not care twopence about their logic: what it thinks of their patriotism is shown by the election at York. After what has been described, without much exaggeration, as "an unbroken series of reverses and disasters in the field," the increase of the Conservative majority at York from 11 to 1,430 is to our mind a very fine manifestation of the national character. Yorkshiremen are proverbial for their sturdy tenacity, and they have given a lead to the nation, which right honourable gentlemen would do well to pocket their pride and follow. The inhabitants of this ancient cathedral city evidently do not despair of their country, and they read a simple and impressive lesson to the sophisticated rhetoricians, who are "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike." In one respect only do we sympathise to some extent with these discomfited statesmen. They have undoubtedly been egged on to attack the Government by certain organs in the daily and weekly press that now desert and denounce them. This is bitter, but surely their experience of the world should have saved the Radical leaders from surprise. Is it possible that leading articles headed "What the Government should do," or "Lord Lansdowne must resign," can have imposed upon Sir William Harcourt or Mr. Asquith? Have they not yet learnt that the journalist chalks a bold inscription on the wall, and runs round the corner at the approach of a policeman? We can congratulate ourselves upon never having joined in the clamour for a scapegoat. We have throughout insisted upon the principle of the undivided responsibility of the Cabinet in matters of policy, though we have admitted that proved cases of blundering in a department might call for the disappearance of its Parliamentary chief. No such case has been so much as attempted to be proved against the War Office, and the public awaits with interest the statements of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Wyndham, which it may be hoped will be made on Monday. But it will take some time, short as is the public memory, for the Radical leaders to live down the discredit of their "inexplicable strategy" in attacking a Government, which is doing its best to repair its mistakes, and to execute the wishes of a united nation.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE official telegrams have told us little of the general situation, though more news is forthcoming from other sources. The very scantiness of the details we have received suggests that events of the greatest moment have been, and perhaps now are, happening in Natal. But what is of even more importance is the unmistakable sign that the long deferred advance into the Free State is within measurable distance of commencing in earnest. Lord Roberts and his staff have left Capetown; and, though their destination is unknown to us, it is not unreasonable to conjecture that this journey would not have been taken unless something decisive had been in contemplation. The movements of the troops which have recently landed in South Africa are still shrouded in obscurity. Hence it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of the forces at hand in the various centres.

From Ladysmith itself we have no official information.

Things there seem to be going on as well as could be expected, and the supply of provisions has not as yet become a burning question. Sir Redvers Buller has made a third and determined attempt to reach his goal, and we have been officially informed that he is once more across the Tugela. On the 5th an attack was made on the Boer position which extends eastwards from Spion Kop for three miles. It consists of a line of kopjes curving southwards at its eastern extremity towards Zwart's Kop—a hill on the South side of the Tugela where some of our guns are mounted. A feint was made on our left by General Wynne, supported by five batteries. His object was to divert the Boers' attention from what was happening on their left; and after accomplishing this, he appears to have retired. The main attack was made from the British right. General Lyttelton crossed the river by a bridge which our engineers had constructed under fire. The southernmost kopje was attacked and captured. But owing to heavy artillery fire on the part of the Boers our troops were not then able to advance any further. So they bivouacked on the spot. Similarly on the 6th no advance was made. A heavy Boer fire was maintained, and a determined attack, which was at first successful, was made upon General Lyttelton. In the absence of authentic maps and details, it is impossible to determine the precise effects of this move. The fate of Ladysmith therefore still hangs in the balance; and although its fall would be a bitter blow indeed, we must at least remember this: in modern warfare surrenders must inevitably become more common. In the face of modern arms of precision, a commander may often deem it criminal to expose his men when success is out of the question. In any case the general situation is presumably no longer to be compromised by the further despatch of troops to Natal. Lord Roberts appears to be straining every nerve in order to make some progress with affairs in the centre. On the 7th General Gatacre repulsed a strenuous attack on his outposts. General French's masterly dispositions have been instrumental in keeping in check a large force of Boers in the neighbourhood of Colesberg. In fact the latter are said to be virtually surrounded. Meanwhile great activity prevails at Naauwpoort. In the West the deadlock still continues, though General Macdonald has been active. Early on the morning of the 3rd the brigade under his command, accompanied by the 9th Lancers and a battery, crossed the Modder River and moved in a westerly direction. Reaching Fraser's Drift that night, the force bivouacked; and on the following morning the advance was continued. After a trying march Koodoosberg—a hill on the north side of Riet and seventeen miles from Modder—was reached. There General Macdonald proceeded to entrench himself. He occupied kopjes on both sides of the river. On the 5th a large body of Boers retreated when the Highland Brigade began to advance, and left the British in possession. On the 6th there was sharp fighting and on the following day General Macdonald was ordered by Lord Methuen to retire. Meanwhile Kimberley is still holding out, and from Boer sources we learn that Mafeking was safe on the 1st.

When the long-looked-for general advance begins, the relief of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking will become but details in the campaign. However melancholy it may be to contemplate so unpleasant a contingency as the fall of Ladysmith, such an event need not affect materially the general issue. Above all things one main end should be kept in view. For deviating from our main end, we have already paid heavily, and we are now beginning to do what should have been done at the very commencement—advance through the Orange Free State. Had we done so then, the situation might have been very different to-day. Ladysmith and Kimberley could hardly have been in a worse plight than they are at present. They might have been in a much better.

A ONE-SIDED CONVENTION.

THE text of the convention which is to supersede the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was published on Thursday and the document is already the subject of "animated discussion" in the United States Senate. That body

has become adept in curiously examining the gifts which we are always ready to offer. Sir Arthur Gordon (by no means a cynic) wrote from New Brunswick to Lord Selborne at the time of the Geneva Arbitration. "We seem not only to dislike but to fear a collision with the United States and on this side of the water our moderation is attributed to fear alone." No one over here will give this as a reason for our latest graceful concession. We are asked to believe that we must expect an equivalent in a rapid development of goodwill towards us. We hope it may be so but await the action of the Senate. We have never advocated a factious opposition to the construction of a canal across Central America, but have always pressed for a fair set-off of a tangible nature. A Foreign Minister is a trustee for the country and has to see that her valuable assets are not squandered. If he can make jettison of some with a certainty of equivalent returns, then he is amply justified but not otherwise. "Do ut des" is not, it is true, a maxim of altruism but it is common sense, a deplorably vulgar quality, on whose basis our Ministers are supposed to construct their policy.

A solemn and binding treaty is a valuable asset to a nation and we feel bound to ask if the abandonment by us of our rights under the Clayton-Bulwer agreement is likely to prove an act of wisdom. We are well aware that it has been hailed as such by a large portion of our own press and a smaller part of the American. The reasoning employed has become familiar by long use in similar cases. By our magnanimity we shall win the affection of the United States and shall obtain their moral, if not material, support, and certainly find a readiness to meet us half-way in other matters. We are even told that we have been doing our best to please them not from any ulterior motives at all but simply from love and goodwill. This may be true, but we cannot subscribe to the doctrine that it is a satisfactory way of conducting foreign policy. Because Americans speak English and the plutocracy of the States is united by family ties with the "directing class," aristocratic and otherwise, of Great Britain is no reason for ordering our affairs with them on other than business principles. Before the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was signed Great Britain believed that she had certain claims to the Mosquito Coast. She had gone so far as to enforce them by armed intervention. For the purpose of effecting this treaty she consented to give them up, and undoubtedly anyone who studies the map will see that the protectorate of the Mosquito Coast was a very valuable asset indeed in the bargain. We gave therefore something most substantial in exchange for the American promise not to "obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the (projected) ship canal," a promise which was of course bilateral. In consenting therefore to release the United States from their share of the bargain we not only give up our right to hold them to it but waive the claim we might make in equity to some compensation. We hear from the thick and thin supporters of our present policy that we have merely given up a "barren right of objection." There is no such thing as a barren right in international relations when that right is solemnly guaranteed by treaty between two great nations. It is true that one or the other party may ignore it if it likes to take the risk, but that one nation chooses to break its word is not to admit that any right under treaty is barren if the other knows how to employ it to advantage. That was evidently the view taken by our Government last year. Our consent to waive our rights under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was made conditional on the settlement of other points of difference. It was the Alaska Boundary dispute which caused the negotiations to prove abortive. The attempt therefore to come to any agreement fell through owing to the refusal of the United States to meet us half-way in Alaska. We retired for a time from the field, still retaining the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as important material to barter for a substantial return. A year later we have absolutely surrendered our position and leave it in the hands of the United States. The process of reasoning by which this solution has been arrived at is an intellectual mystery into which the man in the street is not allowed to pry. It is hinted that the result is due to the strong representations of our ambassador who overcame the reluctance of the Cabinet.

It has been alleged that if we refused, the Senate would ignore us and pass the Bill now before it authorising the construction of the canal. The conduct of that body with regard to foreign affairs is frequently of such a nature as to lead one to believe that such action was not improbable. But surely that was a matter for Mr. McKinley and his Cabinet to deal with. We have certainly done the President a good turn. No one will deny that Mr. Hay has gained a diplomatic success. But we gave even more effectual assistance at the time of the war with Spain and have little enough to show in return. It would appear that to demand equivalents for political services rendered to the United States is in the opinion of our Foreign Office a low, mean, pettifogging statesmanship. We are to rely solely on the friendship which our concessions will create. We wish we could confidently accept so vague and nebulous a theory. The plain test of the matter is whether or no we are one hair's breadth nearer to a satisfactory adjustment of the Alaskan difficulty than we were last year? Is there any prospect that the Senate will ratify any concessions to Canada in Alaska because we have yielded in Nicaragua? At the present time that body appears likely to throw out Lord Pauncefoot's treaty itself because we have not made concessions enough! The neutrality clauses are too stringent and the denial of a right to fortify does not satisfy the demand to "control" as set out in the Republican platform at the last Presidential election. This will not present any difficulties to our enthusiasts who will argue that they have but to concede this further point to win the confidence they so recklessly pursue. Unfortunately the brutally logical mind of some Republicans and all Democrats will take another view. They will say "You recede from your position of last year not because you love us more but because you are involved heavily in South Africa and wish to avoid complications in America." This would not matter so much if Mr. McKinley's term of office was a certainty for another four years. There is no such certainty. The Imperialism of the present Administration is by no means beloved throughout the States. With that policy we have succeeded in identifying ourselves in the public mind of America. Add to this that a majority of the people and the newspapers outside of New York are opposed to our proceedings in South Africa. Whether our concessions will moderate their distrust we more than doubt. The most ardent English supporters of our present policy repudiate with scorn the suggestion that we have any motives but pure benevolence or indeed any political objects at all. In view of our relations with the United States during the last four years, we gravely fear that that is so.

THE NEW IRISH PARTY.

THE apparent reunion of the Nationalist sections is of considerable importance, as marking the renewal of Particularism in British politics. For it should be noted that the only bond between the reconciled rivals is the profession of staunch opposition not only to all English parties, but to that wider Imperialism which has been making steady if not exactly quiet progress of late. The new party, so far as can be seen at present, will be more influential at S. Stephen's than in Ireland. Reconciliation is prompted less by mutual affection than by a recognition of the possibility of making mischief in the House of Commons. For years "unity" has been preached in Ireland, not indeed the unity which was the aim of the abortive Young Ireland party, a combination of Irishmen of all creeds and classes for objects that had some claim to be considered national, but the mustering together of discordant packs of agitators. The party that now claims to speak for Ireland is careful to disown the men who represent Ireland's contribution to the Empire. While Mr. Redmond's followers are playing with treason, Lord Roberts and Sir George White are representing their country more worthily in another place, the vilified Irish landlords are flocking into the Imperial Yeomanry, and Irish regiments are proving effectually that a Roman Catholic peasantry is content to serve the Queen at a

time of need. The most Irish colony in Australia was the first to offer troops for the present war.

It is perhaps better that the real aims of the Nationalists should be openly declared. So long as a slender alliance between English Liberals and Irish Home-Rulers continued to exist, it was impossible for the average Englishman to believe in the reality of Nationalist disloyalty. Mr. Redmond, indeed, has never disguised his sentiments, but the mass of the anti-Parnellites thought it expedient to curb their rhetoric for a season, or to reserve for their constituents' benefit language which they are now free once more to use in the House. Mr. Dillon hoped to get something from the Liberals, but Mr. Healy soon saw the tactical mistake of subordination to a party alike lukewarm and powerless in the cause of Home Rule. It has now become evident to all the Nationalists that they will gain by reverting to the congenial rôle of Parliamentary condottieri. By harassing every Government in turn, by throwing their weight into the scale of the weaker English party when occasion serves, they may well become a factor of first-rate importance. The principal charm of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill in the eyes of many Liberals lay in the chance of banishing the Nationalists to College Green: the party may once more become intolerable to English members. After the defeat of Home Rule, the Liberal alliance was merely a fetter to the Irish contingent. Its existence prevented attempts at bargaining with the Conservatives. The great concessions made by the present Cabinet in the shape of local government, amnesty, and a revolutionary Land Act have outweighed the futile attempt to grant Home Rule. It is obvious that the Conservatives are as willing to pass Irish reforms as their rivals and far more able. And recent events have strained the unnatural alliance of 1886. The position of the Nationalists on the education question vexed many Radicals who, having themselves abjured their own convictions for a supposed tactical advantage, expected Irish Roman Catholics to do as much. The Roman Catholic University debate showed that the Liberal leaders would not dare to press a measure unpalatable to Radical Nonconformists. It is, unhappily, impossible for the Unionists to take up this question in the present preoccupation of the country. But on this question, and on the financial problem, the Liberals can do nothing to gratify their former allies. As for Nationalist gratitude to the Liberals, no such feeling exists. Mr. Parnell looked on the surrender of 1886 much as Mr. Kruger looked on the surrender of 1881. Liberals sometimes complain that they wrecked their party for the sake of Ireland, but receive no credit from the Irish. The Irish, however, are shrewd enough to see that the Liberals did not mean to wreck their party, and would never have taken up the Home Rule policy had they not hoped to gain something. This is the way of parties, but it is absurd for the inheritors of the Gladstonian legacy to ask for admiration from the people to whom they made a cowardly surrender. The Irish admire courage. We may therefore look forward to a new campaign of worrying obstruction so long as the Nationalists cohere. Whether their unity can continue in the absence of a great leader is doubtful.

Nor is it more easy to foretell the results in Ireland of the new step. It would be regrettable in the extreme, but it is possible that the rise of a strong party pledged to irreconcilable views will once more accentuate the division between Irish Conservatives and Nationalists. There have of late been signs of a better feeling. Many Irish Unionists showed their approval of the University scheme and of the Financial Movement. Mr. Plunkett was able to unite fierce partisans in an attempt to improve the industrial condition of the country. And we hope that any Orange attempt to raise difficulties over the appointment of Mr. T. P. Gill to the secretaryship of the Irish Board of Agriculture and Industries will meet with the short shrift it deserves. Mr. Gill, who will work under Mr. Horace Plunkett, is the best man for the place and it is no argument against him that he is a Roman Catholic. Even the County Councils, with all their crude absurdities, brought members of the two parties into a contact that was not incessantly hostile. Further,

it is a fact that the Irish measures of the present Cabinet were undoubtedly tending to shake the principles of many Irish Unionists. The last Land Act appeared to them to be a treacherous blow to a sorely tried section of Conservatives. The Local Government Act transferred to a great extent the control of the country from the hands of the landed gentry to those of something more than political opponents. We are not disputing the wisdom of this legislation: we are merely stating its effect upon the Irish gentry. They were beginning to ask themselves whether it might not be better to come to terms with their new masters. Fortunately the new concentration will not tend to make this surrender easier, for the present war has effectually branded the Nationalists as a party with the taint of disaffection. Irish Unionism means attachment not primarily to England but to the British Empire. A glance at an Army List or a roll of the Indian Civil Service will show how freely the Irish families give their sons to the Empire. The bickering at Westminster excites little but disgust amongst its victims, the Irish landlords, but the struggle in South Africa has confirmed their attachment to the common cause, and the utterances of most of the Nationalists have extinguished any possible idea of coming to terms with treason. The old divisions, then, must stand out clearly and tenant, it is to be feared, once more will be set against landlord. The united Nationalists will be careful to retain their hold on the County Councils, and there is now less chance that those bodies will be able to escape from the control of the political agitator.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE WAR.

II.—ARTILLERY.

IT has long since become painfully clear to all who have followed the varying fortunes of our troops in South Africa, that in certain details their organisation at first was by no means suited for the work they had in hand. It is not a little vexatious for officers who are actively employed at the Cape, and who daily risk their lives and likewise their military reputations in the campaign, to feel that many of these defects have been known for years to all military experts. Thus, for example, it was confidently expected that whenever the inevitable war in South Africa should come to pass, our authorities would provide an adequate quota of cavalry, mounted infantry and horse artillery, capable of rapid movement over the rough country which it was well known would have to be traversed. Making every allowance for the manner in which the hand of England was forced by the Boer ultimatum, it must be admitted that the arrangements for the supply of these necessary adjuncts to a military force operating in South Africa were wholly inadequate at first, albeit energetic measures have now been taken to remedy these defects. Long before Lord Methuen's despatches were made public it was a matter of common knowledge that, had he been provided with horse artillery and an adequate force of cavalry, his victory at Belmont would have been followed by the utter rout of the Boer forces who there withstood him. A rout at Belmont would have of course made the fight at Graspan an impossibility, and the Boers would certainly not have made another stand until they reached the Modder River. Several harassing marches and an unnecessary action causing the loss to us of nearly two hundred fighting men would thus have been saved. But in addition to this, the Boers would have been taught the lesson that the game of holding positions with a view to inflicting the maximum loss on us with comparative safety to themselves was one that no longer could be played with impunity. This they have yet to learn. We talk about our combats at Belmont and Graspan as "victories," and such they certainly were in so far that we drove the enemy from his carefully selected and fortified positions. Yet all the same the unpleasant fact remains that in both these cases, as in many others during the recent operations, the Boers, after inflicting upon us losses out of all proportion to those which they suffered at our hands, withdrew their forces in good order to similar positions

only a few miles in rear whence they could repeat their favourite tactics. In plain words, Belmont and Graspan were practically nothing more than two extremely severe rear-guard combats in which the enemy, true to the best principles for the conduct of this particular form of action, after delaying our advance and inflicting severe losses on us, withdrew to the next position favourable for a repetition of the same tactics. Broadly speaking, the defects in our system which obtruded themselves on the most casual observer of the campaign were two, and these two both involve questions connected with an arm which has hitherto ever been a source of pride to all Englishmen and of envy to many foreigners, namely our artillery. It soon became clear to all those whose fortune it was to lead their men to the attack, that our artillery was unable to shake the enemy's line of defences on the summits of the kopjes or in the trenches sufficiently to prepare the way for our infantry attacks, and secondly, as has been already mentioned, that it was unable to take part in the pursuit and thus prevent the beaten enemy from rallying at suitable points and holding back our cavalry.

These two questions of course involve totally different matters, the first depending solely on the accuracy of the shooting and the suitability of the gun and projectile for the purpose in hand, the latter being in addition a question of mobility and of sufficient escort for the guns. It is true that we had a good supply of field artillery, but never perhaps was the wide difference between this and the sister-branch of the horse artillery more clearly demonstrated. It is no uncommon thing to hear irresponsible critics, who see our horse and field batteries, of sorely attenuated proportions, at home manoeuvres, profess to discern but little difference between them and to airily question the expediency of maintaining horse artillery at all! Unfortunately this fatal view has been adopted not alone by ignorant and irresponsible people, for only of late years we have seen our small force of horse artillery actually reduced and this despite the vigorous remonstrances of many military men qualified to form a sound opinion on the subject. It is on active service, and under the severe strain of constant marching as well as fighting, that the extra mobility of the horse artillery becomes such a vitally important factor in any military combination, and that the value of a lighter gun and of a higher class of horse in the teams is so apparent.

That our field artillery did excellent service over and again is undeniable, its shooting was admirable and it was no fault of our officers that the great weight behind the teams, added to the exhausting nature of the marches, made it impossible to utilise these batteries in an active pursuit, a purpose for which by the way they were never intended. Also it is well to remember that although field artillery have often been of great value in a pursuit, the normal conditions of the latter presuppose the beaten army largely to consist of infantry, whereas the beaten foe in South Africa was one mounted on horseback that could naturally be pursued only by cavalry and its proper adjunct, horse artillery. It is not a little interesting to note with what prescience the Boers in their long drawn-out preparations for the war had arranged to cope with our artillery. Realising clearly that it would be impossible for them to place in the field brigade divisions or even batteries which could hope to hold their own against our admirably trained gunners, they wisely decided to supplement their field batteries by guns of great weight and calibre which could engage our 15-pounders at ranges where the latter were harmless. This was wise, not only because of the greater range of the heavy guns but because our shrapnel-shells are only fuzed to burst up to 4,000 yards. The first inkling of this masterly move on the part of the Boers was made public by a special correspondent of a daily paper before hostilities had commenced. He telegraphed from the Transvaal that he was "immensely struck by the great size and weight of the guns" which he saw being conveyed from Pretoria to the Natal frontier by rail.

It will be remembered that in the opening fights of the war, such as those of Talana Mountain and Elands-laagte, our artillery quickly established its superiority

over the Boers' field guns and thus greatly contributed to those victories. But with the advent of the heavy 45 and 94-pounders before Ladysmith, all was changed and the situation for the moment was only saved by the timely arrival of our Naval Brigade with some 4·7-inch guns from H.M.S. "Terrible." The damage wrought by heavy ordnance such as the Boer 45 and 94-pounders may best be gauged by the fact that Sir George White thought it worth risking the two brilliant night sorties carried out first by General Hunter, and secondly by Colonel Metcalfe and the Rifle Brigade, in order to seize and destroy some of the big guns in the Boer batteries. But in their arrangements for neutralising our once dreaded artillery, the Boers further realised that it would be necessary to supplement their heavy guns with some lighter artillery with which to play on our guns and infantry, and thus distract the attention of our batteries and prevent, if possible, a concentration of fire on the pieces upon which they placed most reliance. They in consequence adopted a mountain gun throwing a shell of about 7 lbs., and also the murderous Maxim-Nordenfolt machine shell-guns which can deliver an incessant stream of 1-pound shells. These last were very much in evidence at the fight on the Modder River on 28 November, and in the recent fighting in Natal have wrought much havoc amongst our gallant fellows. The great recommendation of these weapons is that they are easily conveyed on the backs of mules or horses over the stony kopjes and rough ground where ordinary guns on carriages cannot travel. It may be consolation to the relatives of our soldiers now fighting in South Africa to learn that only 2,000 rounds were supplied with each of these 1-pounder guns and that there are good grounds for believing that no further supply will reach the Boers. These deadly weapons were submitted to our Government about 1888 and after trial rejected. But an improved pattern known as the "Vicars-Maxim" has recently been sent out to the Cape for use with our troops.

Turning now to the gun in use, and the projectile fired, by our field artillery, we come to a state of things not wholly satisfactory. We do not propose here to venture into the vexed question of the employment of quick-firing guns, since many good artillerymen appear to be perfectly satisfied with the rapidity of fire of our guns now in Natal—for use against the Boers be it remembered. For some years past our experts have devoted much time and attention to perfecting the projectile known as "time-shrapnel" which on bursting delivers a stream of leaden bullets. It is essentially designed to slay men and horses and is of little account as regards its powers to destroy material objects. Although our field guns can effectively sweep ground at ranges up to four thousand yards with a perfect storm of bullets distributed over a considerable area of ground, this class of fire is singularly ineffective against troops under good cover, such for example as is afforded by the kopjes. This is so well known that in all modern armies howitzer batteries have been introduced for the express purpose of shelling fieldworks and buildings and "searching out" unseen points where troops may be massed under cover. Indeed it is reported that the Germans have recently introduced a light form of howitzer suitable for rapid movement, but no exact information respecting the same is at present available. In the French army the lightest howitzer in use is the 120 millimètre, which has a weight of 46 cwt. behind the teams as against the 45 cwt. of our 5-inch howitzer.

Unfortunately when the campaign commenced we had no howitzers of any sort on the spot, and in consequence our artillery experienced the very gravest difficulty in dislodging the stubborn Boers from their natural stone fortresses amongst the kopjes. Over and over again have our artillery swept the crests and flanks of the kopjes with an appalling stream of shrapnel bullets, only to find that the Boers have succeeded in taking shelter from it. But however deadly this stream may be whilst it lasts, a time arrives when it becomes necessary to stop the artillery fire for fear of hitting one's own infantry. This usually occurs when the latter are between 300 and 400 yards from the summit of the kopjes. The instant the Boers are relieved from the stress of the shrapnel bullets, they quickly man their

defences again and upon our infantry advancing they are as ready as ever to ply their Mauser rifles at short ranges and with the most deadly effect. That in such cases our preparatory artillery fire was not ill directed is proved by the fact that, on examining the enemy's positions after the fights, there was hardly a rock or stone on the faces of the kopjes which was not spattered with the leaden bullets of our shrapnel. From a careful inspection of such places it would seem to be tolerably certain that far better results could be obtained from our artillery in South Africa were the shrapnel-shell to be replaced by common shell. These have been discarded by both our horse and field artillery of late years since, under normal conditions, time-shrapnel has been proved to be very much more effective.

The effect, both moral and physical, of common shell striking the loosely piled up rocks which are so frequently found on the summits of the kopjes, would be very great. Not the least important factor would be the well-known erratic course taken by fragments of shells with heavy bursting charges, which would unexpectedly search out the artistically constructed "schanzes" or hiding places of the Boers. The latter have already learnt that the direction of bursting shrapnel can be judged to a nicety, and that on kopjes where suitable cover exists, or can be extemporised among the mass of boulders, it is not very difficult to avoid the deadly path of the bullets. It is true that a certain number of Boers were killed by shrapnel-fire, but the general effect produced was totally incommensurate with the number of rounds fired, and hence the Boers soon ceased to view it with any alarm. This want of searching power of our field artillery is at present being remedied by the employment of 5-inch howitzer batteries which have been recently despatched to the Cape. Where the ground admits of the employment of these weapons, they of course can render invaluable service, but the want of a lighter form of howitzer which can accompany the troops and move with rapidity is said by some to be much felt. In any pursuit where, as occurred after several of the actions, masses of mounted Boers were to be seen streaming across the open ground between the kopjes, our horse artillery would naturally employ shrapnel. On the other hand if, during a pursuit, as actually happened on more than one occasion, our cavalry were checked by numbers of Boers holding kopjes, the common shell would probably produce the best results. A most admirable weapon for use in pursuing a flying enemy is the Maxim machine gun fitted on a galloping carriage. Our cavalry certainly had maxims but they were of the pattern carried on pack-saddles, which take time to off-load and get into action. In all cavalry work the moments when effective action can be taken are fleeting, and in the event of a retreating enemy affording a good target as he breasts a hill some thousand yards distant, the difference of time taken to get a maxim into action when on a carriage or from off a mule's back is all important. Lord Kitchener wisely introduced these excellent weapons into the Egyptian army some years since and it is within the memory of most of us, how, in the reconnaissance of Mahmoud's camp on the Atbara a few days prior to that battle, the overwhelming host of Dervish horsemen were decimated and driven back by the maxims, and their bold attempt to envelop the Egyptian cavalry brigade completely frustrated.

GREY SCOUT.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.

THE announcement of the South-Eastern Railway dividend last month disappointed the expectations of a good many people who are generally regarded as experts. Many operators had anticipated that the working agreement between the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Companies would result in large saving in working expenses. As the Royal Assent was only given to the "Joint Working Act" last August, there has not yet been sufficient time in our opinion to get the united system into proper working order; while the expenses have been temporarily increased by the superannuation of duplicate officials and the reorganisation of various departments.

The disappointing dividend is directly due to the

manner in which the line was managed from 1875 to 1895. Capital was thrown away on branches which were of no value to the system, but were undertaken with the object of annoying the Chatham and Dover Company. A continuous war was waged between the two railways, with the result that not only was either company endeavouring to cut the other's throat at every point, but the best energies of the principal officials, instead of being used to develop the traffic, were wasted for about four months every year in the Parliamentary committee rooms, either promoting their own schemes or endeavouring to defeat those of their opponent. The consequence of this policy has been such unpunctuality and such bad rolling stock that the name of the South-Eastern Railway became a by word among travellers. Had the money thus squandered been spent in doubling the line from London Bridge to Tonbridge Junction and on sidings and other facilities for traffic, the company would now be one of the most prosperous in the kingdom.

Fortunately the present board of the company has since 1895 adopted a more sensible policy. Firstly it signed an armistice with the Chatham and Dover and began spending capital to accommodate the traffic on the main line, while it has charged to revenue sums of money towards the "betterment" of the line. The first step of the directors when they found themselves face to face with the difficulty of accommodating the traffic was to increase the length of their trains. This has necessitated the lengthening of their stations and the construction of more powerful locomotives. The extra weight of the new engines has in turn rendered it imperative to strengthen the "underneath" bridges, all of which has meant considerable expense. Only those practically acquainted with the details of railway working know to what an extent the working expenses of a line are increased by want of proper accommodation for the traffic. It means trains being kept standing still for hours, wasting fuel, an additional cost under the head of wages, and an inability to get the full value out of the rolling stock. Unfortunately the capital spent during the last few years has not become productive. The works are not yet completed, while revenue has had to bear the charge for interest. But the chairman stated at the meeting that the end of this is close at hand, as the works approach completion.

The company are asking this session for further capital powers. But we do not look on this as a bad feature. Capital well spent on a railway is an advantage. When an undertaking no longer requires fresh capital, it generally means that the concern is at a standstill or retrograde. It is as well to remember that a million raised as pre-ordinary capital means for a railway now an annual charge of only £30,000 a year. The future prospects appear to us on the whole to be bright. The year 1899 was in many respects an abnormal one. Coal will not always continue at its present famine price. Both the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies have owing to their entering into partnership written down all assets to bed-rock valuation. Between Hither Green and Tonbridge is one of the finest residential districts near London. All that is necessary to make this neighbourhood a veritable gold mine is an intelligent catering for the traffic. The two systems serve a number of favourite watering-places from Herne Bay to Hastings. A short time ago the manager of one of the great trunk lines said: "There is no limit to the profits to be made by a line which taps London, it is such an enormous centre of population that you can command any amount of traffic if you will only cater for it and please your customers." There is one source of traffic which has hitherto grown steadily and is comparatively in its infancy, viz. the Continental traffic. A few years ago foreign travel was the luxury of the rich minority. It is nowadays the relaxation of the middle class, a larger number of whom go abroad every year, finding, or thinking that they find, better value in the way of hotel accommodation and amusement than at home. Even some of those who are called "the masses" are beginning to learn foreign languages in Board schools; and owing to Polytechnic excursions and cycle clubs are commencing to visit the Continent for their holidays. This kind of passenger traffic will probably

increase, and in the near future may become a considerable source of revenue.

In regard to the South-Eastern Company it should be borne in mind that a net increase of only £50,000 pays an extra 1 per cent. for the year on the Deferred Stock, a sum which to a company with five termini in London, thanks to its partnership with the Chatham Company and with a system running from Reading to Gravesend, is a mere bagatelle. These remarks apply equally to the Chatham and Dover Company, except that if the line has been starved for thirty years for want of capital it has not been the fault of the directors, but because its financial condition prevented it from raising the needful. Now that it can avail itself of the credit of the South-Eastern, things are changed, and we shall be very surprised if in two or three years Chatham Ordinary stock is not paying a dividend. Pessimists always point to the large amount of Chatham Ordinary stock, i.e. £11,259,000. But at the present quotation it represents under three millions in value, as compared with £10,000,000 of South-Eastern Ordinary representing at the present market price £13,000,000, and the £9,600,000 of the Brighton Railway (including the new million about to be issued), representing at the present price £17,280,000, a large quantity of which was issued some years ago at 45.

The dividend on Brighton Deferred rose from 2½ for the year 1885 to 8½ for 1889 and has not been below 5½ since 1888. We see no reason why under the present management the South-Eastern Railway dividend should not in a few years show a similar improvement: and Chatham Ordinary (the Second Preference having been paid in full last year) has the reversion of two-fifths of any increase in the profits of the joint undertaking. At the Chatham meeting the chairman stated, first that the expenses of the joint undertaking were abnormal, owing to great prevalence of fog during the months of October and December; second that the lines were disorganised owing to the requirements of the War Office; third the extra Sunday (twenty-seven in the half year) cost £10,000; fourth the directors of the two companies were not prepared for the increase of traffic induced by the working agreement. It is obvious that our somewhat rosy estimate of the future earnings of the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover lines must depend, so far as the current year is concerned, upon the duration of the war in South Africa. We have it from the chairman that War Office requirements interfere with managerial plans: and should hostilities be prolonged until the summer or autumn, all hope of increased takings on account of the Paris Exhibition must be abandoned. So long as there is war, the Continent will remain a closed door to the bulk of those who generally go abroad, and the scarcity of labour will continue to keep coal at high prices. On the other hand, should peace be declared by Easter or even Whitsuntide, there will be a rush of traffic, all the greater because it has been pent up during the winter.

Of the future prospects of the Brighton Company we cannot take such a hopeful view. The board is too conservative and wants an infusion of fresh blood. The directors have taken about four years to double the line from Croydon to Redhill; at this rate how many years will it be before there are four lines to Brighton? and how long do they intend to take over the enlargement of Victoria Station? Residents on the line complain most bitterly of unpunctuality and other grievances, which can only be remedied by the spending of large sums of money to meet the increase of traffic of the last few years. The line has an excellent general manager, but no man can make bricks without straw. Unless a progressive policy is adopted we expect to see the dividend fall off.

THE POETICS OF REAL LIFE.

FOR now some weeks Mr. Stephen Phillips has been figuring in our correspondence columns as the objective of a somewhat truculent superscription. "An impeachment of Mr. Stephen Phillips" sounds terribly serious, and when we looked at the letter of the brilliant Fabian who opened the case for the prosecu-

tion, we wondered what horrid charge was to be brought against this blameless poet. We were greatly reassured on finding that the fierce phrase meant nothing but just Socialist terminology, which usually describes one who does not accept the Socialist view of property as a robber, him who recoils from its politics as a fool, and the man or woman who rejects its moral system as a reprobate. Thus we were able to print the letter with its menacing headline without any fear for Mr. Phillips' sleep or of an action for libel. And indeed the impeachment proved to be of the softest, just a resuscitation of one of the eternal controversies that amused the Sophists of old as it vexes the literary naturalist of to-day. Compressed into the compass it deserves the question is this, must he that would reveal the workings of the human heart and of the human head show them under a shirt-front and a top-hat, if the men he sees around him carry their hearts and heads beneath shirt-front and top-hat? But, we shall be told, the shirt-front and the top-hat are accidents! the brain is not always top-hatted nor the breast shirt-fronted: the fleshly covering of the body is the real covering. It is an unfair way to state the modernist's case. Just so: there is the whole thing in a nutshell. And if we remove the hat and the shirt and the other sartorial accidents, shall we not find something at least resembling the residue of the toga, of the *χιτών*, of the mantle, and the wreath? One can imagine that Paolo and Francesca stripped might not distantly resemble Mr. Haden Guest's country squire and general's wife. So that if the poet has to do with the essentials and not the accidents of life, why on earth should he hobble his verses with the hideous impedimenta of a passing moment? Why is he less dealing with the life of his time if he prefers the body, which is alive and more or less comely, to the clothes which are dead without even the merit of once being alive, and in their ugliness almost immoral? There is something truly extraordinary in this wilfulness which selects regrettable accidents as the reality of life and instead of gratitude pours reproaches on the head of him who has the gift to set life, the man, the woman, free from these unhappy entanglements and thus give us ordinary mortals an idea of its nobility. For essentially a man or a woman, as man or woman, is what the Greeks called *σπουδαίος*; good or bad, sad or happy, the human animal is on a grand scale. Your modernist would reduce a poet to the level of a chronicler, an annalist, a draftsman of inventories, a photographer, a snapshotter of express trains. All these have their vocations, but theirs is not the vocation of a poet. Doubtless there is room for photographs of life, which will faithfully reproduce all its drapery in the latest fashion with a glimpse of itself showing through. Who objects to the novelist? Who to the playwright? Novel and play alike give scope both to photographer and poet; the photographer's method is easier; but even the average man likes a little poetry with the photography, while he absolutely rejects all poetry and no photography. Therein is life the same in every age; it can be photographed on the one hand, it can be revealed by the poet on the other. Poetry is of no age, but of every age. Criticism of "Paolo and Francesca" or of any poetry which is poetry, as not reflecting a period, is its own stultification. The poet's men and women talk as men and women never did speak but always do. The Homeric heroes as also the characters of Sophocles are flesh and blood men that might live in any age, but in no age did men converse in their language. With much of Shakespeare it is the same. Surely, since it is not possible to make life and the soul of man visible to mortals unless under some external form, it is open to the poet to choose the form that will best assist his presentment of life. If this is so, he would be a plain fool if he preferred the top-hat to the toga, for beauty is an essential element in poetry.

Is it objected that this precludes any change, any development in human nature? At least the retort is obvious; if we are to read external changes as the signs of human development, human nature must have been completely revolutionised, a thesis no one will maintain. But our view does not preclude development in life, as distinguished from its accidents, and of such

development the poet will take cognisance, and an age may in one sense create its own poetry. Human nature has in countless men and women been transformed by Christianity, and that transformation has shown itself in poetry. With the Hellenes the love of father and daughter, of sister and brother was a greater thing than that of the betrothed and the married. With later Western civilisation it is otherwise, and poetry shows it. To portray human development you need not versify halfpenny newspapers or clothe your figures in broadcloth. Do Romeo and Juliet show the change from the Hellenic sentiment less strongly for speaking in Shakespeare's verse than the 'Arriett and the 'Arry of Mr. Geo. R. Sims?

There is an ethical as well as poetic side to this controversy. An old heroic story serves better than one of what the modernist calls "real life," because its treatment by art outrages no one's sensibilities. There are happening every day in London events whose tragedy and poetry more than equal the sorrows of Paolo and Francesca. We cited two the other day. But the common instinct of humanity tells us that sorrow, as death, is to be respected; its sacredness is not to be invaded by the intruder. The particular sorrows of the living, of to-day and yesterday, are not for the artist to make capital of for the world's entertainment. The Athenians with their unerring taste fined Phrynichus for placarding before their eyes the sufferings of the Milesians "and recalling their own misfortunes." They knew that the same picture of life could be drawn from the Siege of Troy or some other ancient story. The sufferings that are around us are for no man's eyes but his who looks with the hope of remedying. The doctor, the priest, even the honest statesman may be there but not the artist.

CHOPIN AND THE ROMANTICS.

TO read Liszt's essay on Chopin, lately translated by Mr. J. Broadhouse and published by Reeve, is to be made to realise how fast the world grows old. It is true Chopin died in '49; but Liszt seems to have been dead only a few years (was it not '86 he died?); and we have reckoned them both as moderns of the moderns. Alas! at what a pace the world has travelled since the fifties. Liszt was in his way a big man, and in his day was reckoned to be a man of wit, intellect, refined feelings and the rest of it; but if anyone were to write such a book as this to-day he would be laughed out of Europe. Indeed no one could possibly write such a book to-day. All the moonshine and blatherskite which formed the very essence of romanticism, all the high-flown nonsense about the beauty, nobility and sorrows of the Poles, all the rubbish about Chopin's delicate health, his hectic cheeks, his sense of honour—how stale, old-fashioned, pallid, bloodless, unreal it seems! Yet this stuff was reckoned a worthy product of the wit, intellect and refined feelings of Liszt. The world changes its ways, its feelings and opinions; and with this book before me I am very, very glad that it has changed since Chopin's time. What a pity it is that Liszt did not defer writing until he had got clean away from the romantic, Manfredish atmosphere of his earlier time. He might have given us an invaluable book; for he was a great enough musician fully to understand Chopin, and the things he understood he had the brains and power of expression to explain.

This book forms a singular complement to the autobiography of Berlioz. Everyone knows the highfalutin', the monstrous exaggeration, with which Berlioz described all his exertions, his victories, his defeats and sufferings. In Liszt we find the same thing; only, instead of Chopin's exertions being exaggerated the most is made of his absence of exertion. Berlioz depicts himself as a Colossus striding masterfully over recumbent and amazed Europe; when he had an audience of ten he did the handsome thing by himself and called it ten thousand; if an old lady fainted when his Hungarian march was played he insisted that his audience of ten thousand grew too wildly excited to listen to the music. Everywhere he went he was (he

declared) received with honours due to a conqueror. No victorious Roman general ever had such magnificent triumphal processions as his. On the other hand, no one, according to Liszt, was so feeble, listless, reticent, so completely beaten in the game of life, as Chopin. He seldom played in public; he seldom went out; he seldom saw anyone save his pupils and a few women. He was so fragile that you expect every moment to hear of his falling to pieces; he was rarely merry and apparently never enjoyed a hearty laugh; he never made a remark with any point to it or talked anything but fanciful moonshine; from the hour of his birth he endured continual illness; and he very appropriately died of consumption before he grew too old and too stodgy to play his romantic part. It is all very curious, and not, I suppose, in the least true. Yet Chopin and Liszt were intimates; and if Liszt did not paint his friend as his friend saw himself, he at any rate painted him as we may be sure Chopin wished himself to be seen. For they were a very Byronic set, these young men; and they took themselves with the most ludicrous seriousness. In the whole existing mass of printed matter I know nothing funnier than Liszt's description of an evening at Chopin's. Chopin sat at the piano, Heine close by him, and the two conversed in a whisper (which appears a trifle rude to the other guests) about "that mysterious country which haunted his ethereal fancy." Heine would ask, concerning a "laughing nymph," "whether she still continued, with a coquetry so enticing, to wrap her silvery veil around the flowing locks of her green hair;" he would also ask "Whether the roses always glowed there with so triumphant a flame? Whether trees at moonlight always sang so harmoniously?" I have never since I read this passage been able to think of those Chopin evenings without an absurd suspicion that everyone present must have worn a moustache and beard dyed a blue-black. Possibly the whole thing came out of Heine; but it is a long time since I read Heine, and I love not Heine, and he is not by me, so it is impossible to verify. But that matters nothing: whoever first wrote the passage, these young romanticists were an absurd lot.

Yet they achieved astonishing things, these absurd young men whom we should laugh at and ridicule to death were they to come amongst us with all their antics, and their deathly consumptive pallors, and their trees talking by moonlight, and their deep blue-black Stephens' ink moustaches and beards. In the most curious way believable they had one virtue—they were honest. They pulled their long faces, and read "Manfred," and thought of falling on their swords (if only they had had swords); they meditated long on their griefs and wept the bitter midnight tear; they loved their country with a passionate, deathless love, but, although it was within reach, they preferred to remain amidst the glitter of Paris; they raged to think of the wrongs meted out to their country and never lifted a finger to redress them—in fact in every conceivable way they made themselves heartily, wholly miserable, and enjoyed themselves enormously all the while. But they were honest, they were true to their spiritual selves. They were not Heine, taking a pension in flat contradiction to everything he had written, not Chopin, posing to poor Liszt as a recluse and all the while indulging in the wild dissipations that ultimately killed him just in time: they were (as in fact I called them in an ancient article) the "sick men" of Europe: they were the product and the voice of the tired, unhealthy seventeenth century; and though they indulged in every pleasure known to the French capital and managed (by an injudicious use of stimulants) to get through each day in a seemingly cheerful fashion, they were in reality at their fullest and their best in the evening when they behaved amongst themselves as only sick men ever behave and talked wild rhodomontade. It was only then that they expressed their true nature. Their astuter and more stupid contemporaries went along the dreary, monotonous highway of life declaring their contentment with all things. To them daylight brought nothing save the vision of a flat, dull, stale, blasé world, precisely as it had done to Shakespeare when he wrote "Hamlet" a couple of hundred years before; but they were fully content to open their grocery or musical or paintings' stores every morning at eight.

thirty sharp, do an honest day's work in swindling the public—putting the public off with sand instead of sugar—and retire to roost early in the evening with a view of repeating the same programme next day. The romantic men were at any rate sick of the common daylight and the common day's occupations; and they turned for their imaginative pleasures to the remote, the impossible—to gloomy forests, to stories of weird enchantments, to mysterious lands of ladies with green hair and silver veils. Rather than face real, solid life they forced themselves to live amidst all this mental stage apparatus; and they sustained one another by declaring it more real than the things around them. One of them at least made works of art out of his dreamings, and succeeded in producing some of the most wonderful music in the world. Yet to me there is something in the nature of a sweet poison in Chopin's music. He has written many things—many passages at any rate—which have the ring of true health and are none the less poetic on that account; but the bulk of his music is the great lie, the great lie that you may live life divorced from life, beautifully told and embroidered with lovely patterns worked in lovely colours. In spite of being the great lie it has survived because it was a lie told in good faith. When Chopin sang his diseased passions, his bogus sorrows, his unreal land of green-haired ladies, he meant what he sang: his artificial passions were artificial in a very different way from the artificial passions of a present-day drawing-room ballad. He and his fellow-romanticists, had they only known it, were curiously working the disease out of the blood of nineteenth-century Europe. They rid us of the jaundice that prevented them seeing the loveliness of things: so to speak, they endured the measles for us; they paid for humanity the tax that nature demands after many generations have overdrawn their account with her. Someone had to pay; and because they paid, we go free. And incidentally Chopin handed over something to us: that music of his—unhealthy, a thing to be taken in small quantities, and not in recitatives (if I may coin the word); always intensely interesting, always lovely, and to the musician always marvellously planned, constructed, and finished down to the last delicate ornament.

J. F. R.

THE PASTEL SOCIETY.

THE Editor has asked me in the absence of D. S. M., who is away for the time in the South of France, to deal with such exhibitions of art as seem to deserve notice.

The more pleasant, the more considerable, among the pictures exhibited by the Pastel Society at the Institute fall into two classes with M. Thaulow at one end and Mr. Brangwyn at the other. Mr. Muhrman, whose contributions are the most notable in the galleries, stands somewhere midway between the artists who have treated, or recreated, nature too little, and those who have obviously handled it too much. M. Thaulow's pictures in the first room are the work of a man who is peculiarly wanting in the creative faculty, or, rather, of a man who is peculiarly content to be without it, accepting the lack with a satisfactory whole-heartedness, as though it were an advantage. He sees in nature what all the world sees, he separates himself from his fellow-men by no instinct of selection in colour and composition, his hand is led astray from the facts before him by no peculiar gift or inclination. But neither does he force or attempt a distinction that does not come of itself. There is nothing odd in his compositions, nothing affected in his colour, nothing mannered or troubled in his handling. His pictures are a marvel of health and a well-balanced mind. Lacking the creative faculty, he very rightly sets himself to make a transcript of such scenes in nature as are universally acknowledged to be beautiful. The breakers of a sea that has been lashed into a fury of swirling foam, white upon brown; a cottage by a stream that curls and glides blue over its shallows in the evening; the white stillness upon a garden after the snowstorm, the clean soft ridges edging the bench, the faint rose tingeing the further slope—why need an artist who presents these

scenes have anything to say of his own? Surely such things ought to speak for themselves? And M. Thaulow's sea is as like the sea, his stream is as like a stream, his snow is as like snow, as one pea is to another.

In fact those of M. Thaulow's fellow-creatures who do not care for pictures will find in his work such an undisturbed satisfaction as few landscape-painters can hope to give them, and if, by chance, they should be sophisticated enough to ask what need there is for an artist to copy the appearance of nature, seeing that she is always with us, appealing not only to the eye but to every other sense as well, with a directness and a power indescribable, they may attribute the unreason of this activity, not to any fault of M. Thaulow's but to the more general folly of painting pictures at all. Their satisfaction will be far less when they come to the work of Mr. Aumonier and Mr. Mark Fisher, or the "S. Jacques" of Mr. Terrick Williams, though they may have a suspicion that these pictures must be better art than M. Thaulow's. The grounds for this suspected superiority are simple and three in number. First the subjects chosen for presentation are not so beautiful, secondly they are not so faithfully presented, and, thirdly, there is noticeable here something that was absent from M. Thaulow's pictures, namely the disturbing and meaningless marks made by the sticks of colour with which man in his vanity sets out to copy nature. When a painter adds to an uninteresting choice of subjects an incapacity or a carelessness in the matter of arriving at a resemblance, and then goes on to show you, as plainly as Mr. Williams does, how poor the weapon is with which he enters the unequal contest—surely such a combination of unreason can only mean that the man is an artist, or that with him we are standing somewhere on the verge of art.

With Mr. Muhrman we cross the border, and his half-dozen pictures arrest attention as nothing else in the galleries. Here is vision of a sort, here is a handling of nature in a material that plays not a disturbing but a forwarding part. Mr. Muhrman has arrived at a certain simplicity, a certain grave harmony of dull colours, he has hold of a certain imposing and effective bigness of composition. It is the utterance of an artist who has something positive to tell and who tells it with perfect self-possession. All that is certain, and it is certain also that so much could not be said in praise of other work that hangs here. Only when this is acknowledged is it worth while to proceed and remark that the work is wanting in spirit and fineness; it is anything but acute or nervous. This bigness is not a happy freedom, this simplicity is not spontaneous, there is nothing inexplicable, baffling or inimitable in it, and it is bought at the price of tenderness or subtlety. The utterance is slow, and its effectiveness gross, if the epithet can be applied to anything so grave and subdued, and so entirely agreeable to look at. The pictures have been achieved under the control of a manner rather than a style. It would be easier to imitate than to learn from them. No doubt they will be imitated. An artist, with no very urgent personality of his own, who has tired of turning out unpleasant work, might ensure a certain degree of pleasantness by imitating Mr. Muhrman's gravity and bigness; but he would hardly find here a style that would help him to the expression of something that might in the end be perfectly different in effect.

But whatever lack of quickness or fineness there may be in Mr. Muhrman's work it is still a personal creation, a vision. When we come to Mr. Frohmuth's "Bateaux au Port" we are no longer in touch with an artist's individuality, we have gone a step further, we have crossed the border on the other side and have left personality behind us. For here is nature not so much handled as schooled, sent away from home, as it were, and put through that discipline which is usually described, which Mr. Frohmuth himself describes, as decorative. Mr. Frohmuth's scheme—a deep stretch of grey-green water leads up to a forest of mustard-coloured masts and the horizon only just comes in at the top of the picture—this arrangement is not yet at all rigidly formal, and one would not expect the first approach of the decorative rule to produce so deadening

an effect. It is surprising that an achievement so agreeable, and so competent, should carry so little weight and move us not at all. The decorative schooling of nature is pushed to its most rigid conclusion in Mr. Brangwyn's "The Meal." This discipline is killing, and here we are in full death. Mr. Brangwyn has chosen one of the paths that met in the Glasgow school, and in "The Meal" he has pursued it relentlessly. It is on the way nowhere, it has no outlet, no future. This is the end. It is difficult to describe the picture fairly, as Mr. Brangwyn would have it, since a decorative manner in writing is not yet current. High up in the background there is a probable factory, in front of it straight trunks of trees, and at their foot there lie, not men of course, but massed, clotted, tied up, petrified shapes, carefully enclosed all round with a heavy band, as if Mr. Brangwyn had executed an order to paint a picture for a traveller who was going far away and could take with him nothing fresh which might not keep, only tinned and preserved things.

There has been, during the last ten years, such a scramble to preach and to practise at all costs a distinction between a decorative art and an impressionist art of presentation, that the issue has been somewhat obscured and artists have often enough lost sight of the safe criterion in this matter. What sort of a formal arrangement an artist should impose upon his work is a question that is not so safely answered by an appeal to the object for which his work is destined as by an appeal to the material in which he is to work. Swags of roses, realised to the full, in every possible colour, even with a shadow below them, may decorate a room as well as a dado of formal irises in two mauves; and the artist who is to do the work in oil paint need not narrow the possibilities of his material by imposing upon it the limitations to which he would gladly submit if he had to use a stencil. Mr. Brangwyn's mortal error consists in this that he has imposed upon pastel an unnecessary formality, a convention indeed which could only be necessitated by the employment of some material that possessed utterly different characteristics. What this material is we do not know, except that it would not be one to frame and hang upon the wall, but a material whose weight and endurance would suit it to some employment for which brown paper marked by chalk would prove unpractical. Mr. Brangwyn is at least as wrong-headed as M. Thaulow. The latter feels nothing to say in the most telling and loquacious of languages; Mr. Brangwyn, with an iron hand, beats the spirit out of pastel, and would have it groan the rudimentary half-words of some material the most dumb, recalcitrant, and unfriendly to man. Hence the excessive low spirits induced by "The Meal." For pastel is a material of rare sensibility, quickness and sympathy. It gives itself with the most charming grace in the world to the direction of a hand that makes for telling, vivacious drawing, it comes half way to meet the eye that has a delicate and quick sense for colour. Mr. Livens in "The Lake" makes, more obviously, a mistake not unlike Mr. Brangwyn's. Here too pastel is degraded, and to the level of the narrowest and most distant medium conceivable. The stiff short strokes, unbendingly horizontal and perpendicular, of which "The Lake" is built, could be reproduced with stitches of coloured wool. "The Lake" is little more than a guying of the medium, and it hurts. Mr. Austen Brown's "At the Gate" is very pleasant in colour, but his sideways rain of parallel strokes is not a solution of the one problem set to the pastellist, which is the complete use of those sticks in which his colours are given him, nor is the cross-hatching in Mr. Clausen's "A Village Girl" a solution. Indeed pastel is no friend to the painters who conceive that there is no such thing as line, only tone, for it is peculiarly a drawing medium.

It is this that one misses chiefly in the whole collection of pictures, the recognition of how much pastel is a thing to draw with. And, more definitely, none of the exhibitors have used pastel in the way which has, as a matter of fact, produced the most beautiful results. When Mr. Whistler drew in brown and flushed the structure with colour in patches, he was making a most complete use of what his medium had to offer. This

too is a convention; but a convention born freely to the hand from the quick meeting of the two things, the vision and the medium. It is therefore a standard convention, and one that has been used by artists whose gifts are very different from Mr. Whistler's, to produce work that is finer and more expressive than anything the Pastel Society has to show this year.

O. V. S.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S TALENT.

HONOUR me by accepting an hypothesis. Suppose that Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Henry James had carried friendship to the pitch of secret collaboration; suppose that the anonymous MS. had been lost, and picked up by some fluent journalist, and by him translated, sentence for sentence, into the vernacular; suppose, lastly, that it were published under the pseudonym of "Anthony Hope." Would the imposture be transparent? Should not we all accept the book as a characteristic example of Mr. Anthony Hope's talent? Some of the experts might say that it showed a "marked advance;" others, a "slight falling off;" but none of them, I am sure, would suspect that Mr. Hope was not its author.

In Mr. Hope's romances there are always the signs of a dual personality: of the exuberant schoolboy, and the nervous, modern adult. The former is all for deeds of derring-do, "scapes," "emprises," and all the rest of it. Left alone, he would range back into the remote past where such things have free play. But in the remote past there seems to be no scope for the finer shades—the little meticulous points of view and points of honour, the needle-pointed dilemmas in moral etiquette—which preoccupy the nervous, modern adult. So a compromise is made. Time, present; place, remote: Ruritania. And the compromise made by Mr. Hope's two selves is that which would have been made by Stevenson and Mr. James. Left alone, Stevenson went back to the eighteenth century, partly because Scotland was barbarous and romantic at that time, partly because, putting his narrative into the mouth of someone belonging to that past, he could more freely indulge his love of stately phrases and strange words. But he would have seen at once that it were unfair to drag Mr. James thither. He would have agreed that the hero must be modern, but would have held out for romantic conditions in modern life. Mr. James would have sighed acquiescence, and a Ruritania would have been the result. There would have been some difficulty about the hero, Stevenson stipulating for a Scotchman, Mr. James for an American. An Englishman would have been the obvious solution. But an Englishman is more like an American than a Scotchman, and Stevenson would probably have demanded compensation in being allowed to do the actual *writing* of the book himself. And so the story would have been written—a story of adventure to the tune of tiny psychological scruples, a story like "The Prisoner of Zenda," or "Rupert of Hentzau," or "The King's Mirror." I do not pretend that Mr. Hope has all Stevenson's gusto or nearly all Mr. James' delicate touch in dissection. But of the parties to a collaboration each must lose something of his own gifts; there must be a certain friction and evaporation. Mr. Hope, writing alone, has shown probably to quite as much advantage as would have the other two, writing together. Except, of course, in the actual style. A book written by Stevenson would have to be very carefully paraphrased before Mr. Hope could be mistaken for its author. And it is because Mr. Hope has not a sensibility to words and phrases that I brought the fluent journalist into my hypothesis.

I have just expressed a doubt that Mr. Hope has so much gusto as had Stevenson for romance. But that doubt does not imply that I do not prefer his romances, as romances, to Stevenson's. I hold that "Kidnapped" and the rest would, as romances, gain by being paraphrased into common, charmless, undistinguished prose. Stevenson was, far more than anything else, an essayist. In essay writing, style is everything. The essayist's aim is to bring himself home to his reader, to

express himself in exact terms. Therefore, he must find exact words for his thoughts, and cadences which express the very tone of his emotions. Himself is the thing to be obtruded, and style the only means to this end. Wherever style is, there too is the author. But in a mere story, we want nothing but the story; so soon as the author comes in at the door, illusion flies out at the window. The story-teller must efface himself, therefore, and the only means to this end is the (real or seeming) absence of style—real, as in the case of (say) Scott, or seeming as in the case of (say) Maupassant, both of whom, using for their different purpose the simplest and most ordinary language, enable us to forget that they exist, and to believe that their characters were not invented, and that their incidents were true. Of course, in philosophic novels, like Meredith's, a personal and deeply-coloured style is quite essential. But remember that even Meredith, when he comes to a scene of actual passion, or to an exciting incident, is often quite direct and simple in his language. He forgets himself, lets himself go. Stevenson never could do this. He was always whittling and filing, embroidering and confectioning. He was always preoccupied with words. It follows that one is always preoccupied with *him*, not with his story. Mr. Hope's invention of stories may be inferior to his, but Mr. Hope has this vast advantage: that no reader gives him a moment's thought, and no reader can but be obsessed by Stevenson. Suppose that Mr. Hope came to a duel-scene between hero and villain, he would describe it simply and rapidly, with just enough care to sharpen our vision. We should believe in it. But Stevenson would have let his fancy play round it, and sent such words to play round his fancy, that we should have quite lost sight of the duel through our delight in his view of it. He would have described how the moonlight ran sprightly up and down the crossed bodkins, and how his hero did, at length, with one shrewd embrocado draw a spurt of crimson that besprayed his lawn ruffles, and how the villain reeled like a toper shot from a tavern-door, and fell prone on the sodden clay, wherein, next morning, when they raised him, they found the flawless mould of his death-mask, the slick and fearful impression of distorted lineaments. All that, or words to that effect, he would have written; words fatal to the effect for whose sake they were composed; words that suggest to us, not the described scene, but Stevenson himself smiling, and thrusting aside his work, and writing to Mr. Gosse to say that at last he had done something devilish good. For my own part, I am quite happy to sacrifice a story for style. I rate the essayist far higher than the romancer. I would jettison all Mr. Hope's works for one of Stevenson's. I have even admitted that Mr. Hope, as romancer, has less natural power than had Stevenson. But I cannot persuade myself to admit that Mr. Hope's romances, as written by him, are not superior to Stevenson's. If this is a heresy, so much the better. It is only through heresies that criticism can progress.

My point, then, is that the love of words and the love of romance cannot be happily mated. Doubtless, too, the love of fine shades and the love of romance are antagonistic. But they are, as Mr. Hope has proved, not irreconcilable. In "The Prisoner of Zenda" they are quite comfortably interwoven. But that book was written some years ago. As Mr. Hope grows older, the schoolboy in him is likely to be elbowed out, with many apologies, by the nervous, modern man. Already, in "The King's Mirror," one sees that the process has begun. The adventures are fewer, almost perfunctory; the niceties, more numerous and nicer. In fact, he is becoming more and more a comedian, and I trust that he will soon be able to put upon the boards as good a comedy as lies between the covers of his latest book. But at present, naturally, his talent for dramaturgy lags behind his talent for writing books, and has not kept pace with his own development. Indeed, the play which Mr. Alexander produced last week at the St. James's is a rather foolish affair, by no means distracting one's attention from the charming things which have been done to the theatre, during the past months, by builders and upholsterers. Mr. Hope has not, on this occasion, succeeded in blend-

ing his two elements. He has allowed the schoolboy to write the first three acts, and the nervous, modern man to write the fourth. The schoolboy has brought on a great many gallant figures and written a great many stage-directions as to the shooting of revolvers; but even the gallant figures which survive into the last act have absolutely no shred of character between them. They are there, but they mean nothing more to us than so many unhit targets. The consequence is that when one of them—the hero—makes a desperate, belated effort to show that he has a mind and a heart, and to interest us in the mechanism of them, we remain incredulous and indifferent, and extend a hearty welcome to the person who presently shoots him in the back. Nor, when the scene is changed, and we see him lying on a catafalque in a *chapelle ardente*, surrounded by mourners and officers of State, do we feel more inclined to cry than we should if, at the end of a harlequinade, the clown lay in state, guarded by the policeman, and the columbine came in on the arm of the pantaloon to weep over the bier. I learn that the lying-in-state has been cut since the first night. I cannot understand how anyone with any sense of humour could have imagined that it would go down. Mr. Alexander—and this brings me to the acting—has a very keen sense of humour. As Rupert, he has one or two chances of displaying it, and he takes them. For the rest, he dashes about very dashingly and agreeably, and does all that a man could do with so poor a part. Mr. H. B. Irving, as the villain, is also effective, giving one the impression of a very terrible fellow. Mr. Vernon repeats his success as Sapt. Miss Fay Davis, as leading lady, has been cast for the part of the Queen. This seems a pity. What is wanted for this kind of part is a "presence" and a "voice." Miss Fay Davis has neither of these assets. Her prettiness and sensibility and keen intelligence are quite useless in this part, but they would have enabled her to play well the subordinate part which is played by Miss Julie Opp. Not that Miss Opp is unsatisfactory. Only, Miss Opp is playing a part which Miss Davis would play rather better, whereas she would be really successful in the part of which Miss Davis makes nothing. I hasten to admit that it will not matter a hundred years hence.

MAX.

INSURANCE.

IN 1895 two societies, the National and the Mutual, amalgamated under the title of the National Mutual, and it was hoped, perhaps it was expected, that a great improvement would result from this combination. The fifth report of the joint societies has just been issued, and reveals two or three weak points which will doubtless disappear in time, but which ought perhaps to have disappeared already. The Society suffers from not getting enough new business, for although the 534 new policies that were issued, assuring £265,801, exceed the new business for 1898, they fall short of the corresponding item for 1897, and are apparently less than in 1896. The result of this small new business is that the total premium income is about £4,000 less than the average of the past three years, and nearly £12,000 less than the amount shown in the first report of the combined societies. It was supposed that the energy of the two boards of directors, and of the officials of two offices would have produced some better results than this. With so small a new business, and with so many directors and officials it is not surprising that the expenses are somewhat unduly high. The expenses amount to 15.9 per cent. of the total premium income, including the valuation expenses, and 14.8 per cent. excluding this item. But when we come to consider the cost of new and renewal business separately we find that the expenditure is equivalent to 106 per cent. of the new premiums and 10.6 per cent. of renewals. These are ratios which can only be justified by very exceptional circumstances, which do not seem to exist in the case of the National Mutual. It is true the society is a mutual office, and that there are no additions to be made to the expenses

on account of dividends to shareholders, but in spite of this the fact remains that the majority of first-class offices are conducting their business at a much lower expense.

The funds of the society show a decrease during the year of more than £10,000. This is principally due to depreciation on Stock Exchange securities written off, to the amount of £39,000, against which however we must set profit on reversions fallen in and property sold to the extent of £21,000, showing a net decrease in the value of investments to the extent of £18,000. Another cause of this decrease in funds is that the claims are heavier than usual, as are also the surrenders, in which item cash bonuses are included. Possibly if the cash bonuses were stated separately as is usually done the surrenders might not appear above the average. The funds yielded the satisfactory return of £3 19s. 2d. per cent., and the particulars of the securities are set out in admirable detail, a feature which other offices might copy with advantage.

We have received from the London office of the Mutual of New York the following approximate statement of the principal items of the company's account for the year 1899. The figures are very large and point to a considerable measure of success, but we reserve our comments until the full accounts are published.

Assets	£61,900,000
Liabilities	51,600,000
Guarantee fund and divisible surplus	10,200,000
Receipts	12,000,000
New business issued and paid for	34,700,000
Insurances in force	216,000,000
Payments to policyholders	5,400,000

From the old Equitable Society comes the actuary's report on the decennial valuation. It reveals some important improvements that have been made by this excellent old office. When we have read the report three or four times, and considered it very carefully, we expect to understand what has been done in the past, and what is to be done in the future. We have carefully read it once, with the result of receiving the most confused impression that any document of the kind ever gave rise to. By next week the confusion will probably have passed away, and we shall be able to comment on Mr. Manly's report.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAMBETH OPINION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford, 6 February, 1900.

SIR,—The Duke of Newcastle seems strangely to misconceive the action of the Archbishop, and this is the more regrettable since his Grace is thus led to throw his influence into the support of disorder within the Church. With your permission I would venture to recall the facts.

1. The Authority of the Primate's Opinion is precisely determined by the Preface of the Prayer-book, which prescribes the means by which disputes as to the meaning of the Rubrics are to be settled. "If the Bishop of the diocese be in doubt, then he may send for the resolution thereof to the Archbishop." The exceptional courtesy of the Archbishops permitted the Ritualists to state as fully as they could their view of the contested Rubrics, but that circumstance, while it might perhaps provide an additional reason why the Ritualists should yield a prompt obedience to the Archbishops' ruling, could not diminish the authority of their Graces' action. The clergy can hardly claim exemption from the obligations of that Prayer-book to which they are publicly and repeatedly pledged.

2. The Bishop having, as the Prayer-book orders, obtained the decision of his Metropolitan, issues the same as his own requirement to his clergy. By what title do they disobey him? They have solemnly promised at their Ordination to yield willing obedience to their lawful superiors, how can they defend their refusal to obey in this matter? It is not an Archbishop's "Opinion," but their own Bishop's order that they have to deal with.

3. It is *nihil ad rem* to say that the Archbishops' "Opinion" is "the direct outcome of ruffianly agitation." That is either an insulting assumption or an irrelevant truism. If it means that the Archbishop was influenced in his decision by external pressure it is the former: if it merely means that external pressure was the occasion of the Archbishop's action it is the latter. No judicial authority acts *proprio motu*. It must be moved by an appeal from without: and the character or motives of suitors have absolutely nothing to do with the weight of the decisions they secure.

4. The Duke, however, takes another and a more formidable argument. The Archbishop's action is ultra vires and therefore destitute of validity. "No bishop can, on his own authority, abolish a custom pertaining to the whole Church; this can only be done by an Œcumenical Council." This is indeed novel doctrine in the English Church, and not less formidable than novel. If the Duke were a clergyman I should refer him to an authority which all clergymen are solemnly bound to respect, the 34th Article, which lays down the reasonable doctrine that "every particular or national Church hath authority to ordain, change, and abolish ceremonies or rites of the Church, ordained only by man's authority, so that all things be done to edifying." But the Articles do not directly bind the laity, so I will not press that authority. Rather I would demur to the assumption that the liturgical use of incense can be properly described as "a custom pertaining to the whole Church." It was certainly unknown in the Apostolic Church, and regarded as pagan in the Sub-Apostolic: its general use in the West was comparatively late, and since the Reformation it has been almost everywhere laid aside in the Church of England. But even if we waive this point, and allow that the custom of using incense was at one time universal, is it seriously contended that all such customs are of perpetual obligation, or of obligation until an Œcumenical Council has abolished them, which, as Christendom now stands comes to the same thing? Does the Duke propose to enforce standing at prayer during the fifty days after Easter, and the Communion of infants, and the prohibition of marriage of priests and other customs which were just as œcumenical as the use of incense, and have never been abolished by any council?

5. Finally the Duke justifies himself by pleading the intentions of his Protestant opponents. But what have these to do with the duty of the clergy to obey their bishops? And how do the clergy strengthen the spiritual independence of the Church by defying and denying the authority of her chief ministers? And how will Disestablishment minister to the solution of this fundamental problem of the limits of canonical obedience? No church, established or not, could tolerate in her priests the right to disobey their bishops on the plea of Catholic custom, which they have defined for themselves, and which is really only the reflex and creature of their own private opinion.

The Duke may or may not be right in thinking the use of incense a desirable thing in the Church of England. I am disposed to agree with him that it is unfortunate to withdraw at this time a ceremony which may facilitate a better understanding with the Eastern Churches: his Grace would not lack general sympathy in any constitutional efforts to secure legal recognition of what is certainly an ancient, decent, and general custom. But when he raises the banner of open revolt, and by obvious implication if not by direct statement denounces the Archbishop of Canterbury as the tool of fanatics and the enemy of Catholic order, he not only compromises the character of the Church most seriously, but goes far to make himself ridiculous.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS.

"THE VIEWY DOCTRINAIRE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The public have recently had their attention drawn to the utterances of Mr. John Morley reflecting on the war in South Africa.

As one whose life has been largely spent among the Colonies and States of South Africa I can recall perfectly

well the feeling of profound depression with which I, and I know many other colonists, read some twelve years ago the writing of this distinguished literary man on the whole subject of the British colonial system, in his review of a work which had then been recently published by Professor Seeley on the "Expansion of England."

The review was written with all the scholarship, wealth of illustration, and literary skill of which Mr. Morley is a master. In fact, he may fairly be regarded as the exponent par excellence of the philosophic and historic side of those political doctrines which constitute the faith or rather scepticism of "The Little Englanders."

And in his philosophy there is that tinge of pessimistic doubt, so characteristic of all this writer's work, so depressing when carried into the field of practical politics, to the abundant faith of a robust generation of loyal colonists. And in his speech at Forfar may be recognised the same tone of sombre, sad foreboding as in the essay of 1887.

But in considering the forebodings of 1887, we enjoy this advantage, we can submit some of them at least to the test of recorded historical fact.

Mr. Morley is at his best when, soaring above the mere exigencies of party politics, he writes in purely philosophic vein. Thus in the review referred to he says:—"History, it would seem, can speak with two voices, even to disciples equally honest, industrious and competent."

Whether Mr. Morley has had the wisdom to listen to the right or wrong voice the following extracts from his writing will show. Discussing, in the review referred to, at great length, and in no uncertain tone, what appears to him the impracticability and visionary character of all measures for knitting more closely the great British fabric, he refers to "the security of the Suez Canal" and Australian interests therein.

"To nobody" writes Mr. Morley "is the canal more useful than to our countrymen in Australia. It has extended the market for their exports and given fresh scope for their trade. Yet from them nobody dreams of asking a farthing. Nor do the pictures drawn by Mr. Forbes and others encourage the hope that any Ministry in any one of the seven Australian Governments is likely to propose self-denying ordinances that take the shape of taxes for Imperial objects."

Yet within but a few years of this reflection and without solicitation Australia equipped at her own cost and sent of her own free will a force to co-operate with British soldiers in the Sudan. She has for several years contributed to the maintenance of a fleet which is under Imperial control; and to-day in furnishing troops for South Africa her chief difficulty is to decide which of the many applicants shall have the honour of serving the Mother Country.

Further on after some lofty banter about Canadian lumbermen, Australian sheep-farmers and the English and Dutch of South Africa he writes—

"Is there any reason to suppose that South Africa would contribute towards the maintenance of cruisers to keep French convicts and others out of the Pacific, or towards expeditions to enable the Queensland planters to get cheap labour, or to prevent Australian adventurers from land grabbing in New Guinea?"

What the purposes are for which Her Majesty's Navy may be required should be better known to one of Her Majesty's ex-Ministers than to myself. But whether they be worthy and happily described in the foregoing paragraph or not, this at least is certain, the Cape Colony to-day contributes a substantial sum annually to the support of that Navy.

In the first half of this century England had an essayist brilliant, scholarly, a master and ornament of literature, an enthusiastic student and teacher of the great race to which he belonged, Macaulay. Yet in him Mr. Morley finds a want of "ethical depth."

What would Macaulay's verdict be, could he give it, on such ethics as are implied in the following paragraphs, and on which in Mr. Morley's opinion British policy should be and must be guided?

Referring to some sort of Federal Council for the Empire and the impossibility of it he writes:—

"No we may depend upon it, that it would be a

'mandat impératif' on every Federal delegate not to vote a penny for war, or preparation for war, that might arise from the direct or indirect interests of any colony but his own."

What ethical depth is here? What foresight was here displayed? Such was Mr. Morley as a British statesman twelve years ago and such is he to-day. His faith is no stronger and his forebodings, one might almost say his lucubrations, are no less. To his academic mind the very word Empire is a pestilential nightmare, and that mighty fabric of British peoples, under the name of Empire, possessing the most enlightened institutions that democracy has ever yet evolved for the happiness of mankind, is nought else "but the last survivor of a family of great Colonial Empires" hastening forsooth to its dissolution, and which dissolution in his moments of ethical dyspepsia Mr. Morley verily believes it is his duty to assist.

In addressing his constituents at Arbroath some five months ago Mr. Morley said, "Some of our friends have fallen desperately, passionately in love with the word Empire." "I wish some of your lettered men would tell me when, from the time of the Empire of Julius Cæsar down to the tyrant Empire of Napoleon I., and the rotten Empire of Napoleon III., the name Empire has been associated either with freedom for one thing, or with stability and permanence for another." In his last speech he again takes exception to this term.

Is the term Empire—because it has been associated with abuses in the past—never to be used in the future? What other term—what other title of government is not equally open to reproach? Have all republics been free and stable? The term Empire finds favour with Englishmen and Colonists alike because it is the only comprehensive title, at present available, for one united whole under which individual governments and individual men have found the greatest liberty and the highest civilisation, and the break up of which would menace, with foreign aggression, those very liberties they prize as their dearest heritage. Is not this objection the very quintessence of academic pedantry? What shadows lurk around the midnight lamp? It is because our Empire is not the triumph of one man's tyranny, but is the triumph of a great and free people that the term is dear to us.

The qualities which were wanting to the empires of the past are the very ones which have established "the stability and permanence" of the British Empire. In his last speech received with much delight by the yellow press of America and the other pro-Boer organs, Mr. Morley scoffs at those who described him as a "viewy doctrinaire." I would suggest for him no such ambiguous title. He is the falsest political prophet of his generation. The relentless logic of facts, since his predictions twelve years ago, has established the fitness of this title. The demonstration of so fatal a misconception as to the true spirit which existed between the Colonies and the Mother Country, and among the Colonies themselves, would have given some men pause—not so with Mr. Morley. At Forfar he again enunciated a view, and committed himself to a prediction as to the future.

He said "We have at this moment got into a predicament which is bad and from which there can come neither to the Dutch nor to the British, neither to South Africa nor to Great Britain, any thing good: either now or in the years to come."

Will no good come from a reunion of sons of the Colonies and Mother Country in South Africa in support of those principles of freedom and justice which are at once our heritage and our bond? It is the touch of fire which will fuse the whole fabric.

But students of Mr. Morley's writings, as I confess myself to have been, have always one consolation, they can appeal from Mr. Morley the politician to John Morley the philosopher. "History it would seem can speak with two voices." Mr. Morley heard the wrong voice twelve years ago, he is deaf to the right one now.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ALFRED HILLIER.

"HANDS OFF."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Feltham, 27 January, 1900.

SIR,—The prosaic terrors of some of Mr. Harrison's strictures on the poets are, as your critic says, simply amazing. He is an accomplished judge of prose, but to arraign the poets asks a poet's ear. "Fire," treated in verse by Tennyson as a dissyllable, is what?—a cockneyism? Spirit of Shakespeare, who certainly knew something about rhythm, remind Mr. Harrison of Bolingbroke's famous lines in the first act of "Richard II." :—

"Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"

Here is the one instance in the language of nine consecutive monosyllables making a true decasyllabic line, and who shall presume to quarrel with its music? But, founded upon Shakespeare's "cockney" precedent, Tennyson's "Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes" suggests, to Mr. Harrison, "vulgarity"! To many of us it ranks with the most expressive, beautiful, and correct, of English lines. It should be read quietly aloud to be appreciated, for it is "onomatopœic." Never did Tennyson's ear play him more true, with all thanks to his vulgarity, than when it taught him so to convey the sense of restful fatigue, suggested by the necessary lingering upon the syllable "tired" twice over. Poetical license is in Mr. Harrison's view "mispronunciation," but Shakespeare and Tennyson have not been thought remarkable for that. The higher criticism may be a valuable thing, but should draw the line somewhere.

Faithfully yours, HERMAN MERIVALE.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hoboken, N.J., 25 January, 1900.

SIR,—From the "New York Commercial Advertiser" this evening is the following clipping about the views of one of our well-known mining engineers, Mr. John Hays Hammond :—

"My impression from extensive intercourse with Americans of all classes is that the great majority of the intelligent sentiment of the country is in favour of England, though considerable sympathy is expressed, naturally, for the weaker nation. I have also found that where Americans sympathise with the Boers, eliminating a certain percentage who have an ineradicable hatred of England, that sympathy has been based upon a misconception of facts as to the character of the Boer Government. The Americans are kept for information, and being intelligent will soon size up the situation correctly, and consequently give England the sympathy she deserves."

This is the whole story in a nutshell and is very significant for Mr. Hammond is a very keen observer and being a mining engineer necessarily comes into contact with all social classes more or less. The identity of view of British and American Uitlanders in the Transvaal is a tribute to your cause noted in this country which has convinced many. Here is a brief outline of American opinion.

I will endeavour to add a few remarks, so will begin by one proposition thus :—The opinion of the people is of two kinds, noisy opinion and public opinion, the former being that of the restless and nervous and the latter of all well-disposed people. As a rule noisy opinion is pro-Boer and public opinion is either pro-British or neutral. Public opinion when well directed rules.

There is too strong a tendency on the part of the politicians to mistake noisy opinion for public opinion and cater to it. The newspapers being so largely organs of faction often make the same mistake. Hence when you hear that half or more of our press is pro-Boer little or no trouble need be had in duly understanding such a circumstance, only too easily misunderstood.

The professed Boer sympathy (it can be no more for what is the Boer *per se* to any of us?) by the truculent or noisy people affords no small opportunity for busy-

bodies to air their own vanity or try to advertise themselves, as champions of an abused people in this case. England will hear much of their noise which it is hoped will not mislead her. Americans may not be stirred as Colonials are, but they are friendly and you have noted the substratum of good feeling here in spite of noise, Tammany and other rings' resolutions.

What a correspondent said in your columns 30 December is entirely wrong about Tammany's influence. It is local and amounts to nothing out of New York city and has no influence whatever over the army.

JAMES H. BATES.

VIVISECTION AND INTELLECT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glinton Rectory, Market Deeping, 5 February, 1900.

SIR,—A belief in the common origin of the human race from one pair, founded on a mistaken view of the story in Genesis, has not succeeded in producing much brotherly love possibly because it was not in accordance with truth. Might not a belief in the common origin of all living creatures, in our brotherhood with the lower animals produce more tenderness? How anyone holding the belief in the development of man through forms akin to the lower creation now around us can justify vivisection to his heart and conscience is beyond my understanding.—Your obedient servant,

R. C. FAITHFULL.

"THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 February, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I have waited two weeks for some worthier pen than mine to reply to Mr. J. F. Comerford's letter printed in your issue of 20 January: but as none has appeared, and there have been two further letters to somewhat the same effect, I make so bold as to write.

It is not my purpose to defend Mr. Kipling; he is great enough, I think, to stand in no need of such defence; but to protest against the misinterpretation, which Mr. Comerford and your two other correspondents seem to place upon Mr. Kipling's representation of "Tommy Atkins." Mr. Comerford says, that the author of "Barrack Room Ballads" portrays the British soldier as an "insensate debauchee, a drunkard, &c.," and shows his idea of the low standard of morality and intelligence current in the British army. I do not think that this is at all a fair statement of Mr. Kipling's attitude towards Tommy Atkins. It seems to have been founded upon a perusal of only a few of the poems. Taking into consideration all that Mr. Kipling has written about privates and N.-C.O.'s, can it seriously be denied that he is a real friend and a warm admirer of the soldier? I think not. The mere fact that he writes of the soldier's weaknesses and vices (and in terms too sympathetic, perhaps, to please the severe moralist) does not prove that he believes them to "dominate the army." Mr. Comerford might as well argue directly from "Danny Deever" that Mr. Kipling regards the average soldier as a cowardly murderer.

No, sir; while it must be admitted that some of the poems, such as "Cells," "The Ladies," "Belts," and the idyllic "Mandalay" do not represent the soldier as a paragon of virtue (and the ethical value of these cannot be very great one way or another), yet I maintain the net result of Mr. Kipling's writings is, not to glorify the soldier as a blackguard, but to represent him as neither better nor worse than the average of his countrymen.

"We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you."

We are all making much of our army now; but it is not so very long since the poem from which I have just quoted, "Tommy," passed a well-merited stricture upon the civilian contempt with which the private soldier was commonly treated.

"It's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy fall behind,'
But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's trouble in the wind."

That this song seems absurdly out of date to us now, is due in no small measure to Mr. Kipling: nor is this his only service to us. "We are all Imperialists now;" but we were not a few years ago: and though Mr. Kipling was not the first Imperialist, he has done much, by his wonderful stories and spirited verses, to bring home to us the greatness of our inheritance.

I have said nothing about the song itself, which moved your correspondent to write. Surely it is rather paltry to quarrel with the title, or to discuss the literal meaning of the words. And, since he implies that author and publishers are making money out of the song, Mr. Comerford ought to be told, what everyone else knows, that this is not so, all the proceeds going to the "Daily Mail" A.M.B. Fund.

I enclose my card, and remain yours truly,

R. S. B.

AN IMPEACHMENT OF MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 7 February, 1900.

SIR,—Mr. Oswald Crawford in his witty letter seems to have been at some pains to prove my own contentions. True he accuses me of inconsistency but that I suppose is a mere blind. In my first letter I asked "Who would dare to contemplate 'Paolo and Francesca' in a modern London setting?" Mr. Crawford drives my point home in a most brilliant manner by his fragment "A Villa in Tooting." In this he shows up the amorphous mass of modern London unacted on by the poet's refining spirit, and with delicate irony points to the usual conception of science, as the mere impedimenta of science "The circle and right-angled triangles."

In the last paragraph however Mr. Crawford gravely says "you're not a poet" and raises the question of the sphere of poetry. I should answer to the question, that the sphere of poetry is the whole of our lives, and that poetry itself must stand or fall ultimately by a biological test—whether in fact the poetry to be judged is an expression of vigour of life, increasing power of life or degeneration—power of life decreasing towards death (this "degeneration" having no connexion with the firm of Nordau, Lombroso and Co.). All merely æsthetic criteria depend on these biological presuppositions. Mr. Crawford, of course, knows quite well that there is no test of what shall or what shall not be art except the personality of the artist, "tradition" is the mere building up of the personalities of great artists into a system. But behind this personality, the biological criterion stands clear, objective, and we can at any time measure the worth of our poets or other artists by it. It is in the name of this biological criterion, in the name of the persuasion that life is better than degeneration that I express my opinion that the poets should leave off singing of "old unhappy far-off things. To reality there is only opposed "Fairyland," where those who lack life-energy retire, it is—with all its beauties of multi-coloured mists and stars—a land of drugs—whether the most subtle form of drug-taking, drugging oneself with one's own emotions, or whether the drug be music or opium or haschisch—it is a land of drugs—its biological meaning is degeneration—not a little of its beautifully coloured light is the phosphorescence of decay.

As to whether the poets have attempted or not to grapple with the A B C's and undergrounds of their own time—surely they have. Had they not we may demand more of our own time and should ask it of our poets—but what of Chaucer? And do not credible "authorities" opine that in the "Tempest" Shakespeare is solving the nature question? And Goethe's "Faust"—it fulfils my requirements in every particular—Goethe grapples with the things of his day and attempts to assign to them cosmic significance.

Of course I never suggested borrowing the terminology of the chemist's laboratory. I wonder why Mr. Arnold while he was about it, did not get his "friend" to write a verse bringing in "ethyl-methyl-ketone."

L. HADEN GUEST.

WIND ON THE SEA.

The loneliness of the sea is in my heart,
And the wind is not more lonely than this grey mind.

I have thought far thoughts, I have loved, I have loved, and I find

Love gone, thought weary, and I, alas, left behind.

The loneliness of my heart is in the sea,

And my heart is not more lonely than this grey wind.

Who shall stay the feet of the sea, or bind

The wings of the wind? only the feet of mankind

Grow old in the place of their sorrow, and bitter is the heart

That may not wander as the wind or return as the sea.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

REVIEWS.

MEMORIES TO BE FORGOTTEN.

"Anglo-French Reminiscences." By Miss Betham-Edwards. London: Chapman and Hall. 1899. 7s. 6d.

SCARCELY a month goes by without the announcement that So-and-so has either finished or is actively engaged upon his reminiscences. They are to tell of encounters with great men; they are to give intimate glimpses of illustrious households; they are to repeat anecdotes hitherto unpublished; they are to describe memorable moments political or otherwise; they are to present the correct version of a quarrel for the first time; they are, in short, to be of "original and absorbing interest." Sometimes this last promise is fulfilled, but it happens more often that when the long-looked for volume appears under the title of "Reminiscences" or "Recollections" or "Memoirs" or "Pages from —" or "Jottings from —" it, like its author, is a somewhat pretentious creation and only remarkable for a complete record of the doings and deliberations of the writer himself. He tells us where he was born and what his parents were. He describes his "old home," and the whereabouts of a favourite willow-tree. He leads us to his first school and entertains us with a recital of his idleness or his follies. He observes that he sat next to — (now famous), and declares, "Little did I think, or he for the matter of that, that we should commence our respective careers in London one sunny day in June. He soon made his name, and was courted. What kindnesses he bestowed upon me as I struggled along, what profitable advice!" When he "comes up" to London he sees many a genius, and usually his heart leaps. He is often dismayed, often depressed—but "all's well that ends well," after a while he is luncheon with a Bishop, or dining with a Prime Minister, or smoking with a comedian—"genial fellow!"—far into the night. Here his mood changes; becoming thoughtful he discusses politics, analyses reforms, and winds up with a stinging or somewhat pointless remark of "dear, generous, candid, old —." Or, he speaks of a celebrity who died miserably, and says: "Poor fellow! He deserved a better fate. He was nobody's enemy but his own." Or, he remembers someone's "threatening frown," or another's "sweet smile," or a third's hasty ejaculations provoked by a sharp attack of gout. Or—most important of all—he recollects what he said and what he did on each occasion himself. Thus, while introducing distinguished personages, he contrives by criticising them to give his point of view more than theirs, to present a more perfect portrait of himself than of them, and to figure more prominently in his memoirs than the whole array of famous characters he has known. Other writers of reminiscences have only met a very few celebrities, and therefore make much of them; the rest, whose acquaintance with the illustrious is still more limited, offer "impressions" only, gained usually from a distance. In this last

category we must include Miss Betham-Edwards, whose "Reminiscences" begin in 1875 and run on mildly until 1889, whose one intimate and notorious friend, Bombonnel, cannot command the slightest sympathy, whose anecdotes and impressions are singularly unworthy of record, whose occasional expressions of affection for France are the only praiseworthy features of a pointless and mediocre book.

In spite of the undeniable merits of the friends made by Miss Betham Edwards in 1875 at Nantes, we must declare at once that they are not of a kind to win the interest and affection of the reader. The "social circle" she portrays so exhaustively is, above all, worthy, and might be encountered in those dim parlours where "high-teas" take place by the light of a solitary lamp: such, at least, is the impression conveyed by the author's elaborate description of Mr. D—, Madame T—, and Mlle. Huberte. Then, there is Madame M—, or as Miss Betham-Edwards styles her, Savine, who, breaking off from early reminiscences to actual life, was wont to say: "My husband has changed all that." She was possessed of perception, judgment, and taste; when she wished for a friend's company, she wrote sentimental breakfast-invitations, thus—"Amie, les matinées parmi nos roses sont si fraîches, si belles! Toute la maisonnée et le chocolat vous attendront demain au jardin à huit heures." But she, like the rest of this sober "social circle," can have no claims on the attention of anyone but Miss Betham-Edwards herself. Madame Guépin, the author's hostess, is happily more interesting, for she and her husband were responsible for the founding of the first "Ecole Professionnelle des Jeunes Filles." Both, indeed, were high-minded and liberal; their support of the "Question Féministe" did much to advance that cause at an unpromising time, and the monuments erected to their memory show that their services were appreciated by the people of Nantes. Still—we are obliged to state that Madame Guépin's stories of the Commune cannot be compared in point of interest with those that are related by many a Parisian to-day. More sensational, certainly, is Miss Betham-Edwards' account of convent life. It has been her privilege to assist at one of those sad ceremonies that separate daughters from their parents and consign them to religious confinement. The entrance of the "bride," the speech of the priest, the administering of the sacrament, the taking of the three vows, all these are described, and—"Again the death-bell tolled, and an interval occurred during which the victim's hair was cut short, and her bridal dress exchanged for a black robe and veil, symbol of life-long incarceration. Then followed a gruesome ceremony. A bier covered with funeral pall was brought out on which she lay whilst the service for the dead was chanted, the nuns marching round, each holding a lighted taper. Little wonder that lay folks sobbed as they gazed on this spectacle, no one was unmoved but the priests, who sat by grim and calm, mechanically joining in the death chant. At last one of them approached the screen, and inclining his head towards the apparently lifeless figure on the bier, cried out in a loud voice, 'Rise, my sister!' whereupon the singing ceased, the nuns formed a procession and retired with the new-made victim through the entrance by which they had come."

From Nantes, Miss Betham-Edwards journeys to a little town in Anjou, where she becomes the guest of a worthy but totally uninteresting couple. One or two mild anecdotes are related, leaving one absolutely untouched; but the reader's hopes rise at the mention of a ladies' breakfast offered to Gambetta. Here, however, further disappointment awaits him. "Gambetta was perfectly bewitching; he accepted our poor little compliments with the utmost gallantry—I must tell you that we were all elderly or middle-aged—and exerted himself to entertain us. One of his anecdotes I will repeat, as it throws light on the history of the war. During his dictatorship, he told us, he ordered a general raid upon pastrycooks throughout France. Cartridge paper had run short, and every cracker, now worth its weight in gold, was requisitioned for the army," is all that we hear, on this occasion, about the great orator. His name is introduced in another chapter, where he takes the chair at a meeting, and again at a ban-

quet at Versailles; but we only learn that he was quiet on the first occasion and in great form on the second, details of the slightest importance. Victor Hugo is also taken note of by Miss Betham-Edwards at the final séance of the International Literary Congress, then Père Hyacinthe in the Cirque d'Hiver; and once more we are compelled to state that her portraits lack originality and that her descriptions of what must have been memorable ceremonies are mediocre. More provincial sketches follow, commencing with one of the Côte d'Or, where the climate is so strange that "in summer you may boil an egg in the sun" while "in winter your wine freezes at dinner and before a blazing fire." It is warm, however, when Miss Betham-Edwards arrives; and she explores the woods with her host. Of all her characters this one is the most exasperating, for he holds forth on birds and botany as he goes. "Note well the behaviour of the small birds—larks, finches, and the like," he says; "you will see that the sight of myself and gun, no matter how near, does not in the least intimidate them. They flit across my path, chattering to each other as if they had the whole place to themselves. Then contrast with this unconcern the conduct of the magpies, jays, hawks, and other mischievous birds on which I ever make war. The moment I am perceived by one of them, an alarm is given to his fellows, hither and thither he goes, plain as words could make it, his warning—'Comrades, look alive. The enemy is abroad!'" Outside the forest, he exclaims: "Stop a moment, and note those mustard plants." There, let us leave him: skipping the rest of his rural teachings. Let us also skip the chapters on that raw adventurer, Bombonnel, who killed panthers and Prussians, and whose escapades, published now completely for the first time, are evidently intended to constitute the clou of the book. Admirers of Mr. Max Pemberton may perhaps be exhilarated by his exploits; others, we imagine, will only be bored. Hastening, we fall upon "Scenes of Military Life," a field that should give an author great opportunities. Miss Betham-Edwards, however, has no new glimpse to give us: a pale picture of a soldier friend, a hackneyed impression of the condition of Alsace-Lorraine, they are her sole offering. In Reims, the author's next halting-place, we are no more interested; a visit to Rosa Bonheur leaves us amazed at the barrenness of the result; the chapter on Anglo-French relations we peruse with pleasure, not because it contains anything worth reading but because it is the last in the book. And, as we review what we have read, we wonder: wonder how Miss Betham-Edwards has contrived to remember so much insignificant and mediocre matter, wonder why she has deemed it necessary to impart it to the world, wonder again that the emptiness of it all has never occurred to her.

ENGLAND'S PATRON SAINTS.

"Studies in Church Dedications." By Frances Arnold-Forster. 3 vols. London: Skeffington. 1899. 36s. net.

TO have given a hurried review of this important work with its 1,550 pages of close-set information would have been a poor compliment to the author who comes before the public with the credential of two honoured names. She has presented the Church of England, and historical students generally, with a highly useful contribution to ecclesiology. Had this book consisted of the third volume alone, giving (1) the name and dedication of every parish, (2) an index of dedications with the parishes to which they belong, and (3) an elaborate statistical summary, we should have sufficient reason to thank Miss Arnold-Forster, though it is fair to mention Kelly's "Clergy List" as a pioneer in this matter. Her other two volumes, classifying church dedications under forty-nine divisions, investigate the local distribution and origin of about 600 distinct forms of dedication names, and give in addition a carefully compiled account, often amounting to a complete life, of the 370 patron saints of England. Apart from printed sources of information, many dedications have been, and more may yet be, traced through ancient wills, and again by determining (with allowance

for change of Style) the date of parochial revels, wakes, feasts and fairs, though here Henry VIII. has caused confusion by ordering the parish feast to be everywhere kept on the first Lord's Day in October. Then the wintry saints were likely to be transferred to a more genial month. The dedications once fixed, there followed the task of scientific arrangement, so as to lay bare the successive strata of fashion in veneration, of foreign influences, and of local connexion. Henry VIII. displaced many historic names in favour of the dedications especially approved by him, namely the Holy and Undivided Trinity, Christ, and the Blessed Virgin. In the eighteenth century S. Anne and S. George reflected loyalty to the reigning princes; and at the beginning of the present century low water point was reached by churches, as at Camden Town and Kentish Town, which invoked no patron at all. Then came recovery with the long array of badly built edifices dedicated otiosely to S. Mark or S. Paul, after which the high-church movement dedicated brick-buildings with apses to the Fathers of the Church and to the apostolic men who first evangelised and taught the English. Such names as Ignatius, Polycarp, Cyprian, Basil, Chrysostom, Jerome, Athanasius, Ambrose, Bede or Aidan were previously almost entirely unrepresented—though S. Martin was very popular—and the "S. Augustine" churches were probably all under the protection of the first Archbishop of Canterbury. Our forefathers liked picturesque saints with a good deal of local colour about them, soldiers, hermits, great preachers, martyrs with bones and a shrine, holy virgins—not mere writers, however eminent. It may be noted, however, in view of a modern Roman fashion, that not one of the 14,000 English churches ever bore the name of S. Joseph. Recently among ourselves there has been a revived tendency to dedicate churches to Mysteries—such as the Holy Nativity, the Resurrection, the Divine Wisdom, or (in America) the Heavenly Rest. We have also Memorial churches, as to Bishops Ridley, Ryder and Lightfoot, and churches called "The Fishermen's" or "The Mariners'." The shoemakers of Northampton helped recently to build S. Crispin his first English church. Dedications to sacred objects, such as Holy Cross (or Rood) and Holy Sepulchre, are mostly ancient. Both the dedications to "S. Helen and the Invention of Holy Cross," though in the Reformed Anglican Kalendar, are ancient. So are "Our Lady of Pity," "of Sorrows," "of Charity" and "de Grace," but post-Reformation dedications to the Blessed Mother are, of course, extremely common. Altogether the Virgin is protector of about one English church in every six; other Scriptural saints have about one in three; 1,300 churches (roughly) are dedicated directly to the Persons of the Trinity, 700 in honour of S. Michael and the Angels, 1,200 to All Hallows or Saints (but many of these conceal an older joint dedication), 1,300 to bishops of all ages and lands, 1,200 to national saints, 750 to solitaries and religious of various countries, 200 to virgins, while most of the remaining 700 bear the names of SS. Lawrence, George, Helena, Anne and Denys. About 500 dedications are lost. No name has been added to the list of direct dedications since the thirteenth century except King Charles I., after whom five churches are named. Miss Arnold-Forster, by-the-by, goes too far in stating as an undisputed fact that the King's martyrdom was "struck out of the kalendar" in 1859.

The scope of this work excludes Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Man and the Channel Isles (though these belong to the Winton diocese) but includes Monmouthshire (which belongs to Llandaff) and Cornwall. It thus deals with a large number of Celtic dedications, certainly not the least quaint and interesting, but scientifically belonging to Britain's rather than England's Patron Saints. Is it too much to hope that Miss Arnold-Forster will some day add to, and rearrange, her great work, so as to include at least Wales, the Norman archipelago and Man? The influence of France upon our national dedications has been twofold, through the Norman Conquest and through Armorica, and the Breton saints are inextricably mixed with those of Cornwall. Those Celtic hallows however were great travellers, and we find the

Cornish prince Melorius as patron of Amesbury in Wilts, King Constantine of Thorpe Constantine in Staffordshire, S. Branwallader of Milton Abbas, Dorset; S. Bodhoc is found in Oxford, and others in other inland places. The S. Teilo, by-the-by, whose name is discussed at length, should surely be S. Eilo (Elidius), whence his title *ἡλως*, just as S. Olave became Tooley, S. Ebbe Tabb, S. Edburgh Tadbury, S. Aldate Tole, S. Awdry Tawdry, S. Erney Torney and S. Antony's swine Tantony pigs. To trace the course of any of the old missionary monks, like S. Columba, by the places that preserve his name is fascinating. How much history is embedded in titles like S. Clement Danes, Pardon Church, S. Martin's at Canterbury—oldest of our dedications, and recalling the Christian Gaulish Princess Bertha among the heathen Kentishmen—or S. Thomas of Canterbury, forced in many places by Henry VIII.'s hate to become the less mediævally familiar S. Thomas the Apostle. How it bridges the centuries to find parishes dedicated to S. Withburga, S. Radegunda, S. Kyneburga, SS. Gervase and Protasius, or S. Geraint. Numberless place-names entomb that of some saint, as Boston and Bossall (Botolph), Shadwell (Chad), Amesbury (Ambrosius), Malmesbury (Aldhelm), Foster-lane (Vedast), Elstow (Helena), Flixton (Felix), Osmington (Osmond), Weedon-Lois (Chaucer's Saint Eloy), Ebchester (Ebbe), Bonchurch (Boniface), Brancepeth (Brandan), Cowton and Kirkcudbright (Cuthbert), Barthomley (Bertram), Dewchurch (David, Dewi), Bridstow and Kilbride (Bridget), Patrington (Patrick). But the list would be endless. Miss Arnold-Forster has not included dedications of chantries and other chapels in large churches. Something might have been said about the position of churches—e.g. Oxford was guarded at the east and west gates by S. Peter, at the north and south gates by S. Michael. S. Aldate's at Oxford and at Gloucester is said by Mr. Parker to be really "the church at Ald Gate," much as we can conceive S. Martin's, Oxford, might have become S. Carfax. Families and individuals have frequently become accidentally sainted by their name attaching to a church—e.g. S. Stephen's, East Hardwicke, was built by Stephen Cawood in 1653; which brings to mind the benefaction of one Cole, who stipulated that his name should be placed conspicuously on the church—a difficulty ingeniously solved by carving over the door, "Cole Deum."

These volumes lie open well, but the white canvas binding and outside lettering do not please us. In such a mass of printing there are scarcely any misprints, but *ἁθλητοί* (i. 56) should be *ἁθληταί*, S. Nicholas-ad-Marcillas (at Shambles, i. 500) should be Macellas, and James II. (ii. 116) should be James I. For Katherine (since attention is called to the etymology and spelling, i. 119n.) read Katharine, for S. Bees and S. Ives read S. Bee (Bega) and S. Ive. The unique Saxon church at Bradford-on-Avon, dedicated to S. Laurence, is not noticed, nor the S. John Port-Latin ("Woodard") schools (i. 64). We will venture a few more trifling criticisms and suggestions. "Christ Church College" (i. 21) is a slip; Winston, we have been reminded lately, is not "unheard of" as a Christian name (i. 175); the Athanasian creed is no longer considered by scholars to be "much later"—not more than a century—than Athanasian times (i. 232), and it seems to be implied at i. 126 that "celebrating Mass" is a mediæval phrase. S. Ambrose uses it. Expressions like "received a regular ovation," "aggravating," and "royalties" (for royal saints) should be left to the newspapers. Miss Arnold-Forster understands all about the anthem O Sapientia at 16 December; why then point out that it has no dedication? Not "Christ" but "Lord" is, theologically, the "Name which is above every name" (i. 309). We would suggest that the early Quatuor Coronati church at Canterbury was so called by the frank-masons who came over with S. Austin—they were under the patronage of the Four Crowned Martyrs—that the rhyme about S. Winnold's "madness" (3 March) is not metri causa but connected with the March hare, and that it is Malo and Mauditus that are connected etymologically (ii. 292) and Mawes and Machutus. "Albright" (Albert, ii. 324) is not a "corruption" of anything. Recollection of the Æneid would have kept the author from saying that the

omen of the farrowed sow seems more suited to an Irishman than an Italian prince. But these be toys. Archæologists for many a year will have Miss Arnold-Forster's remarkable work at their elbow.

AFRICA AS SEEN BY ITS EXPLORERS.

"In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country: a Record of Travel and Discovery in Central Africa." By A. B. Lloyd. With Introduction by Sir John Kennaway. London: Unwin. 1899. 21s. net.

"Africa as seen by its Explorers." Edited by E. J. Webb. London: Arnold. 1899. 2s.

THE literature of African exploration—if indeed the dignity of literature can be bestowed on the mass of travellers' journals—has attained such volume, that a selection of representative extracts is welcome. Mr. Webb has, on the whole, done his work very well indeed: his introductions are judicious, and he has a keen eye for interesting passages. His little book suffers, however, from his failure to discriminate between explorers and visitors: it is a little surprising to find Kinglake and Sir Alfred Milner side by side with Mungo Park and Joseph Thomson. Copyright difficulties seem to have marred the completeness of his design: the works of Livingstone have, somewhat ungraciously, been sealed to him. Perhaps other curious omissions—for example, the absence of extracts from Du Chaillu and other French explorers—may be due to the same cause. Every man would make his own anthology of travel, but Mr. Webb's, ranging from Herodotus and Strabo to Leo Africanus and so on to the moderns, is full of interest. We should have liked to see a little more of Sir Richard Burton, and, if Sir Harry Johnston on Central Africa is to be quoted in such a book, we think Colonel Lugard might well have stood beside him. The chapter on South Africa is very scrappy: a little of Cornwallis Harris' delightful sporting memoirs would have been more appropriate than Sir F. Young's description of Johannesburg. The old Portuguese are not sufficiently represented, and there is no account in the book of some of the most interesting native races, such as the Zulu, the Masai, and the Fulahs. The "miscellaneous" chapter would be the better for a little folk-lore. But, after all, this is merely to say that the book might have been better, and it would be churlish to deny that it is distinctly good, and that it should serve a most useful purpose. Romantic Africa is far more interesting than commercial Africa, and this is an excellent index to a fascinating chapter of history.

Perhaps the fact that we approached Mr. Lloyd's lengthy work after a course of Hakluyt Voyages may have caused us to look with undue severity upon the banality of his writing. Few modern travellers have the gift of style, but most of them can write better English than Mr. Lloyd. We cannot see that his book can claim to be a "record of discovery." He tells us very little about the dwarfs and the cannibals through whose country he passed as quickly as circumstances would allow, and his book is for the most part a rather tedious diary of missionary work in Uganda, valuable only as a faithful description of the little-known province of Toro. We should be the last to depreciate missionary work, and we are heartily with Mr. Lloyd in his protest against those canting Chadbands at home who attacked the Uganda missionaries for doing in the late rebellion their duty as Englishmen. But we could wish there were less of the "hot Gospel" manner combined with cheap humour in the book. A wounded elephant "remembers an important engagement elsewhere," and leaves Mr. Lloyd free to moralise on the duty of kindness to the native. Too many blameless sentiments render a book insipid. Mr. Lloyd is quite sincere, and duly reports a lamentable occasion on which he very rightly thrashed a carrier. The result of his not having thrashed some of the carriers earlier and more often was that they looted every village on the line of march, and very nearly caused the annihilation of the party. But this does not prevent Mr. Lloyd from continuing to put in a word in season and out of season. The illustrations are really valuable, and the author is a sportsman in the best sense of the word. But he has not much idea of proportion, and absolutely none of literary construction.

BRITISH COINS.

"A Handbook of the Coins of Great Britain and Ireland." By Herbert Grueber, Assistant Keeper of Coins in the British Museum. With Plates. London: Bernard Quaritch and Henry Frowde. 1900. 21s.

WITH a few slight alterations Mr. Grueber's comely volume would make a full and admirable guide to the coinage of the British Isles. Unfortunately the scope of the work is confined to the pieces exhibited in the corridor leading to the Coin-room of the British Museum, a very fine and typical but not a complete collection. This limitation is in every way to be deplored, since the author is compelled to omit any detailed description or illustration of some of the most interesting coins in the British series, as for example the rare gold solidi of the earliest Anglo-Saxon issue, the "Agnus Dei" penny of Aethelred II., the English halfpenny of John (a most abnormal coin), and the gold penny of Edward the Confessor of the Warwick mint.

Mr. Grueber's work falls into three parts, a general introduction, a catalogue of the leading coin-types arranged chronologically under reigns, and a collection of sixty-four beautiful photographic plates which give the greater part of the more important coins mentioned in the catalogue. The introduction takes up no more than sixty-three pages, but we are glad to find that it touches on all the main points of interest in the monetary history of Britain. The origins of the Saxon coinage, the status and duties of moneyers, the morphology and art of our early issues, are shortly but very adequately dealt with. The only side indeed of the subject which Mr. Grueber does not quite develop is the economic. There should have been a paragraph or two to explain such phenomena as the extreme scarcity of silver coinage in the reign of Richard II. and the practical cessation of the striking of silver at the Mint during the two first decades of George III. These were not the result of carelessness or mismanagement but of the economic fact that silver had appreciated as compared with gold, so that there was an actual loss to the Government in buying silver bullion and coining it into groats or shillings of the legal weight. Before the invention of monometallism, governments tried to keep both gold and silver coins up to their intrinsic value. But when the market relations of the two metals fluctuated, either the one or the other became worth more as bullion than as currency. It was therefore exported or melted down. If the Mint continued to coin the under-valued metal and to issue it to the public, it at once disappeared. Hence, in despair, the authorities either stopped striking it, or took to the mediæval ideas of cutting down the weight of the money or "calling up" the value of the individual piece. In either case the results were disastrous to trade and inconvenient to the public. Mr. Grueber speaks of the silver coinage in the early part of the reign of George III. having "drifted into an unsatisfactory state," and of the Government "refusing to take steps to bring about an improvement." The simple fact was that the ratio between the guinea and the shilling, which had been settled, so far back as 1670, at 129½ grains to 92½ grains, no longer existed in the market. Silver had grown scarcer, and the shilling was too heavy by some six grains. Rather than face the loss of coining it the Government, though there was profound peace from 1763 to 1775, stopped the minting of silver altogether. A half-hearted attempt to resume it in 1787 failed, and then no more silver was issued till 1816. This was not the result, as is so often stated (e.g. here on p. 148), of the French wars, but of the bimetallic plan of trying to keep two separate coinages in a fixed relation to each other. The whole problem was easily solved when Lord Liverpool frankly accepted the view that silver should be for the future only a token currency, and not endeavour to represent its nominal value. If the mediæval ideas which had lain at the back of the British coinage down to his day had continued to exist, we should now be fingering a shilling of enormous dimensions, raised year by year as silver shrank in value. But thanks to him we cheerfully accept our token of 87 grains instead of demanding a "real shilling" of 200 grains.

There is much to praise and a little to criticise in the

catalogue of coins which forms the bulk of Mr. Grueber's book. We wholly agree with his interesting demonstration of the relations of the coinage of Mercia, Wessex and Kent to each other, and are perfectly content with his arrangement of the difficult series of East Anglia and of the Danish rulers in Northumbria. But the attribution to Alfred of pennies struck at Castle Rising (p. 25) is more than "somewhat uncertain": it is wholly impossible, and the mint-monogram must belong to some Wessex town. It is a mistake to say on p. 32 that the full-face bust first appears as a type on English coins under the reign of Edward the Confessor. It had already been largely employed two centuries before by Archbishops Ceolnoth (A.D. 833-70) and Wulfred (A.D. 805-32) of Canterbury, so that the origin of Edward's coins of this type need not be sought in Germany. The attribution of the "Pereric" coins of the time of Stephen to Roger Earl of Warwick cannot, we think, be any longer maintained in face of Mr. Lawrence's conclusive objections. No twelfth-century earl would have been designated on a coin, any more than on a document, by anything but his personal name: Rogerus Comes would be the only possible inscription for a real coin of Roger's. Secondly, and this is even more conclusive, many of the "Pereric" coins are minted at Canterbury, a place which was never in the hands of Roger or his mistress Matilda. Those struck at London, which Matilda only held for a few days, are almost equally good as an argument against the connexion of Earl Roger with this issue. We should for much the same reasons reject the attribution, which Mr. Grueber sanctions on p. 163, of certain pennies to Henry the Scot, Earl of Northumberland under Stephen. His supposed mint of Bamborough cannot be substantiated, in face of the fact that Stephen, when making over the country to him, specially reserved Bamborough and Newcastle to himself as royal towns. The last word has not yet been said on these strange and abnormal coins of the anarchical years 1140-54. On p. 120 we can correct a small slip in the statement that "no coins of less than the half-crown size appear to have been struck at Shrewsbury by Charles I." We have seen and noted shillings with the Shrewsbury mint-mark of the six pellets: several were found in a small hoard at Burford in 1897.

But minute criticism of this kind can be made on every book which has to deal with such complicated masses of details as the present volume. When raising such points we do not wish to detract in the least from the very notable merits which it possesses. English numismatists will find it of real assistance to them.

VANDYCK.

"Vandyck's Pictures at Windsor Castle Historically and Critically Described." By Ernest Law. London, Munich and New York: Franz Hanfstaengl. 1899. (Also George Bell and Sons, London, and William Brown, Edinburgh.)

"Van Dyck." By H. Knackfuss. Translated by Campbell Dodgson. London: H. Grevel and Co. 1899.

HERE is another step taken in the publication, by the best power of photography, of the works of the masters. The basis of the book is the photographs, (here rendered in photogravure), taken by the Hanfstaengl firm in the royal collections. At Windsor the pictures were taken down into the courtyard, and photographed by slow exposure in sunlight following the picture by means of a revolving platform. The scrutiny of the camera has revealed details, even dates and signatures, not visible to the eye in the darker gallery; it also reveals plainly enough the damaged condition of many of the pictures. Changed from one hand to another in some cases, in others restored, in others yet neglected and damaged, there are few of the pieces in perfect condition. Some were even cut down, and one, a portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria, bears marks of having been fitted with hinges and lock to make a door for a cupboard. It is not the least of the uses of works like the present that they form defences against such treatment in the future by surrounding pictures with an atmosphere of devotion and care.

This is only part of the scheme taken in hand by the firm. It is hoped that a companion volume may appear filled with Vandycks from the great private collections of the country. This, a service to English history as well as to the work of the painter, is highly to be commended; we wonder, however, whether Mr. Law will find his part of the task easy. It has not always been possible to persuade private owners to submit the claims of their pictures to critical scrutiny. But besides Vandyck's pictures others in the Royal Collection are to follow, and we are promised volumes dealing with Holbein, Rubens, Rembrandt, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough and others, seven or eight parts in all. A little confusion may arise from the fact that the language of the preface to the present issue is that of the prospectus, speaking of three parts. These three are included in the one volume which goes beyond its title by containing a picture from Hampton Court and several from Buckingham Palace.

Mr. Law, the author of the critical text, is well known for the careful work he has already done upon the pictures and history of Hampton Court. He points out how large a field lies open to the critical worker in the Royal Collections. These "immeasurably the finest in Great Britain after the National Gallery have never yet been critically described at all, in the modern scientific sense of the words." The thousand pictures he has already worked on at Hampton Court are only one-fifth of the whole. He looks forward to interesting and surprising results from this research. The present instalment of his labours is well planned and carried out. He gives in each case a sufficient summary of facts concerning the person represented, and then subjects the picture to examination; asking, as so often is necessary in the case of Vandyck, whether the work before him is the original, or whether that exists among competing versions in other galleries. The partial dispersion and occasional recovery of King Charles I.'s picture give rise to frequent questions as to the identity of pictures. Mr. Law makes the most of the available documents in arguing these points, as well as comparing the pictures themselves, and is commendably free from parti pris. He comes in conflict occasionally with the last considerable writer on the subject of Vandyck, M. Guiffrey, and has some corrections to make in his lists of pictures. Altogether this volume is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

Mr. Dodgson's translation adds another to the number of the useful Knackfuss series available for English readers. The fifty illustrations are mostly drawn from examples in German galleries, Cassel, Munich, Vienna, &c. This is not a bad point for English readers, who can see so many of the great English Vandycks at Windsor or in collections like that now at the Academy. They who wish for a brief handbook to Vandyck at the present moment will find this volume serviceable.

A LABOUR OF LAW.

"The History of the Law of Nations." By T. A. Walker. Vol. I. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1899. 10s. net.

WE all know of the Oxford Professor who admitted he knew nothing about a subject mentioned, for he had never lectured in it: presumably if he had, he would have known all that a man could. Curiously enough, a Don's books so often give one just that impression: the author must know all about his subject, he has so very obviously lectured in it. The book before us reads like one protracted lecture note, and the omniscience is almost overpowering.

Dr. Walker starts from the assumption, one true enough, be it said, that no really good English History of International Law exists. Apart from the masterly historical chapters in the late Mr. Hall's monumental work, we have little save the sketch of the novelist Ward, and the "History" of the American diplomatist Wheaton, which while adequately handling the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries leaves almost everything before and after those periods untouched. Dr. Walker's project is ambitious, he essays to supply the gap: his work is conceived in what

Matthew Arnold would call the grand manner; nearly 400 closely printed pages carry us no farther than the birth of modern international law and there are presumably volumes to come. In spite of many merits Dr. Walker's history fails of its high endeavour: it is *a*, it will never be *the*, history of international law: for the reason now suggested—the work is too encyclopædic.

Everything is there, very conscientious, very overwhelming, very dull. The list of authorities at the outset covers five pages, and only *some* of those referred to are set out. We plod patiently through the history of the Jews, backed with numberless references, 10 or 12 to the page, to Chronicles, Deuteronomy, Numbers: the *κοινὴ Ἑλληνικὴ νόμιμα*, the Delphic Amphictyony, the Roman *fecial law*; all our old friends are there in order due; and others less familiar: the conquest of the West is summarised in nine pages teeming with names and references, the Saracen conquest in six pages more, through which Abu Bekr, Constantine Copronymus, Hashchem the Just and a hundred more chase one another with bewildering rapidity. Still we struggle on, through Caliphates and Ommeiyads, Almoravides and Almohades, all ambushed, enfiladed, overwhelmed with columns of references: and at the end of it all, what? A careful platitude that "Civilisation is advancing:" or that, "Foreign conquest by no means improved the Roman national character." We sigh for a single illuminating generalisation, for the hand of the master to discard the small and immortalise the great, for one moment of genius to breathe on these dry bones.

Yet the book is of merit in many ways; it has the virtues of its faults: the analyses of the works of Bodin, of Albericus Gentilis, and of the great Grotius, are excellent, careful and scholarly: the student who has not time to digest the authors at large will find these summaries admirable literary pemmican. A little more careful treatment of the same kind might have been properly given to Suarez "the last of the schoolmen" who occupies a distinct position among the precursors of Grotius. In details, we have not noticed many errors: the work is published in December 1899; from page 26 it appears to have been begun in 1896 and the earlier pages should have been brought up-to-date. The sentences are occasionally slipshod in construction. It is quite incorrect to say that the "Roman possessed in his *jus gentium* a system of private international law." The Roman *jus gentium* was a residuum of legal notions, common to a number of different tribes or peoples: the rules of private international law tell us which of several competing and conflicting systems ought to furnish the law to govern a given set of facts: they show us how to select, as it were, one of several competitors in each case, not how to destroy competition, as did the *jus gentium* by reducing all to a common denominator.

NOVELS.

"Sour Grapes." By J. F. Cornish. London: Chatto and Windus. 1900. 6s.

The children whose teeth are set on edge in this book are such pleasant young people that we wish we could imitate the "quiet moon" that shines on the first page, and "silver all with an approving smile." But a novel is not, or should not be, an Adelphi melodrama, and we cannot admit that any sensible young man, not being a Chinaman, would do his best to destroy his own happiness, to ruin the lives of a charming girl whom he loves and of a pleasing girl whom he likes, by a course of conduct which might possibly, but probably would not, save his mother from annoyance. Nor do we believe that a virtuous dancer, consumed by an intense passion for the said young man, would accept with equanimity and even amusement the sudden discovery that he was her half-nephew. Further, we must protest against the old device of employing imaginary Scots Law to resolve a matrimonial problem. If the writer of "Sour Grapes" had only tested the plot by the light of the humour which is occasionally shown in the sketches of character, the story might have been exceedingly readable. As it is, the wild improbability

of the work has a charm of its own: the characters are as free from the trammels of common-sense as, according to Lamb, the persons of Restoration comedy were from those of ordinary morality.

"The Guests of Mine Host." By Marian Bower. London: Cassell. 1899. 6s.

"The Guests of Mine Host" does not need the signature of the author to stamp it as the work of a woman. There is femininity in it from the first page to the last, from the conscious effort to be strong, to that conception of the man animal in whom it is woman's blessed privilege to believe. Otherwise the story is a pleasant one enough, albeit a little heavy. The heroine is a particularly good if not particularly interesting young woman, who, on being deserted by her husband conceals her identity and assumes her maiden name. The natural consequences occur as they have occurred in hundreds of novels before. The hero regards the concealment with disfavour and is stupidly and priggishly resentful. But the ever convenient carriage accident finishes off the first husband, and allows true love to meet its due reward.

"Kinsah." By May Crommelin. London: John Long. 1899. 6s.

Two halves as we know go to make the whole. Still the halves must have some connexion with each other and not depend on so slight a link as do the two stories in "Kinsah." But in spite of its want of dramatic unity the critic finds in his heart much quiet praise for the little book. A series of living pictures are grouped about the history of a little daughter of Tangier, from the day when she assisted unveiled at the feast of Sehreir, to the day when she came to her "Lord of the House" as his wedded wife. And if harem life in Morocco has little of the glow and romance which the writers of fairy tales have woven into it, still this conscientious piece of portraiture has an interest of its own.

"In a State of Nature." By Alfred Clark. London: Sampson Low. 1899. 6s.

"In a State of Nature" is that exceptional thing, a really bright and invigorating romance. The central idea is the discovery in the vicinity of the North Pole of a settlement of English folk, descended from a sect that left the Mother Country in the reign of Elizabeth and still speaking the language of Shakespeare. This happy conceit is developed with a thoroughly workmanlike command of language and power of character-drawing which maintain the illusion to the close of the story, while arctic scenery is painted with rare dexterity. The weakest feature is the part played by the ship's cook, whose goodness is at once monotonous and nauseating.

"Whose Deed?" By Hadley Welford. London: Jarrold. 1899. 3s. 6d.

"Hadley Welford" is the pseudonym of a writer who is possessed by an overmastering admiration of the genius of the late Wilkie Collins. It is a pity. "Hadley Welford's" sense of the fitness of things should have restrained him from paying so poor a compliment to his idol's memory as is this wretched mimicry "Whose Deed?" True, there is ingenuity of plot but as the style is bad and the dramatis personæ are devoid of any power of exciting the faintest interest all the ingenuity is simply thrown away.

Of the four short tales included in "My Great Discovery" by Henry Francis (London: Smithers. 1899. 2s. 6d. net) one—"A Question of Honour"—shows some rudimentary power of characterisation, and the others might pass muster in a parish or school magazine.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Researches in the History of Economics." By Ernest Nys. Translated by N. F. and A. R. Dryhurst. London: A. and C. Black. 1899. 6s.

"Economics of Industry." By Alfred Marshall. Third edition. London: Macmillan. 1899. 3s. 6d.

The first of these books is by the well-known Professor of the Brussels University and writer on international law, the other by our best-known text-writer on the subject of economics since John Stuart Mill. Professor Nys' book hardly comes

within the definition of a treatise on economics at all but deals with that side of the history of economics which might naturally be supposed to attract a student of international law who has been accustomed to consider the influence which one nation has had upon another in all departments of thought and life; in short the permeation of the civilisation of the West by the civilisation of the East and their mutual reactions. Economics as a systematised science had no existence before the seventeenth century and it is no part of Professor Nys' plan to state and discuss the various theories of economists since then in all departments of economics. He has a much more interesting object in view than that. He traces the growth of commercial relations between one nation and another, explains the action of governments ancient and mediæval in the regulating of industry, the rôles of various nations in the growth of commerce, their ideas about currency, the instruments by which trade intercourse has been facilitated through the intermediation of the Jews and the invention of bills of exchange and banks and how the teachings of the Church have been directed to business in general and such subjects in particular as usury. With all that is known on these matters Professor Nys makes us acquainted; with Babylonian and Phœnician, Greek and Roman, Byzantine, Arab, Mussulman and European Christians and Jews as traders and travellers building up the commerce of the world. The book is one for students not only of economics but of history. It is a chapter of universal history which Professor Nys has written with great learning and made delightfully interesting. Of the "Economics of Industry" it is not necessary to say more than that as the result of its development from the "Little Marshall" as it used to be called in our college days it has grown to be the best text-book for a student beginning his studies of economics. There is no fear that he will find himself in the position humorously described by Professor Marshall of being a more useful man in his generation if he had never read any economics at all because he has read a too easy work on the subject. It is not so difficult as "Mill" but it needs a "grind."

"Lamb and Hazlitt:" Further Letters and Records hitherto unpublished. Edited by William Carew Hazlitt. London: Elkin Mathews. 1899. 4s. 6d. net.

We cannot congratulate Mr. Hazlitt on the intrinsic value of the documents which he here gives to the world and we have very little doubt that his eminent grandfather and that eminent grandfather's friend Charles Lamb would have advised him to give them to the flames. However here they are and here they will undoubtedly remain. No biography of Hazlitt and no biography of Lamb, nay, no edition of their works will henceforth be complete without them. They certainly throw fresh light on Lamb, for though it may be no news that that most delightful person could sometimes be very silly, it is news to learn that he could be quite exasperatingly dull. With regard to Hazlitt also they show that the "Liber Amoris" was after all not the full measure of the fatuity into which he was capable of sinking: in the published work he gave us at all events the wine of his folly, in what is published here we have the very dregs and lees. We yield to none in our admiration for the characteristic work of Lamb and Hazlitt, in going through this volume we were prepared to welcome with eagerness a sentence or a touch which recalled our favourites, and would have been grateful for "a wandering whitch-note of the distant shell." What we found was a great deal of that accomplished and learned bibliographer the editor himself, and very little, even in the form of fatuity, of the illustrious edited. The preface leads us to expect "a remarkable assemblage of papers illustrative of the lives of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt." What we do find is a great deal of gossip about the earlier Hazlitts, a few commonplace letters to and from Hazlitt and his father which were certainly not worth reprinting—the history of a stupid hoax perpetrated—and very little to his credit—by Lamb relative to the pretended suicide of Hazlitt, together with similarly stupid letters respecting it, the humour of which is evidently plagiarised from Swift's "Partridge Pamphlets," a letter from Hazlitt to his wife of no interest at all and a second part of the "Liber Amoris" which is—and there is no other term applicable to it—pure drivell. The volume ends with four or five short letters of Lamb, of which the following is an average specimen:—"Dear Sir, I am coming to town on Thursday to meet a friend from Paris or I should gladly have accepted your invitation. I will take my chance of seeing you as I go to office to-morrow morning. I shall previously have breakfasted.—Yours truly, C. Lamb." And these are "a remarkable assemblage of papers illustrative of the lives of Lamb and Hazlitt"!

"Livingstone's First Expedition to Africa," with Notes by Frederick Stanley Arnot (London: Murray. 5s.), is a new fully illustrated edition of a well-known work, much of which covers ground of peculiar interest just now.—"Missionary Travels" (London: Ward, Lock. 2s.) is another edition of the same work, with other illustrations.—Captain L. J. Trotter's "History of India from the Earliest Times to the Present Day" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: 1899) has been revised and so far brought up to date as to take note of the appointment of Lord Curzon to the Viceroyalty. Its 430 pages cover some 2,500 years.—Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" (Edinburgh

and London: 1899) has been adapted by Sir George Sydenham Clarke for military students. Recent events have proved that some of the lessons which Kinglake with masterly skill showed that the Crimea taught have yet to be learned. It was a pity to abridge his work, but this "Student's Edition" will be prized by those who are concerned chiefly with the military side of war.

"Old Colonial Houses of the Cape of Good Hope" (London: Batsford. 1899. 10s. 6d. net.) consists of two parts: in the larger part Mrs. Trotter illustrates and describes some of the more characteristic survivals of Dutch buildings at the Cape; the second part is an illustrated chapter on the Origin of Old Cape Architecture by Mr. Herbert Baker. "These old colonial buildings," says Mrs. Trotter, "still testify to the artistic feeling of the Dutchman two centuries back. They stand within the white-walled inclosures of the country and cheek by jowl with the modern town house—dignified and too often dilapidated." Mr. Cecil Rhodes has always evinced considerable interest in rescuing or reproducing any old relic of ancient Dutch architecture at the Cape. His house at Groote Schuur is a perfect adaptation to modern uses of the old Dutch style. Mrs. Trotter's explorations have been rewarded by the discovery of some quaint examples. The book is well printed.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Figures du Temps Passé. XVIII^e siècle. By Lucien Perry. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1900.

According to M. Lucien Perry, it was not easy to establish a "salon" in the eighteenth century. There were many, and new hostesses were not needed—yet Madame Geoffrin, the daughter of bourgeois parents and wife of a man renowned for his extraordinary mediocrity, succeeded, after much labour and many rebuffs, in "receiving" an array of distinguished personages two or three times a week. She was not beautiful and not brilliant, only practical. It was the dream of her life to open a "salon," and she worked towards that end so actively and so artfully that Marmontel proclaimed her to be a woman of infinite and extraordinary ability. Taking her cue from Madame de Teucin, a rival hostess, Madame Geoffrin began modestly, receiving anybody who showed the slightest signs of possessing genius. "Quoique neuf sur dix ne se soucient pas de vous plus que d'un denier, le dixième peut devenir un ami utile," was her motto, and so all her early guests were only "promising" people. Soon, however, through infinite tact and stratagem, she got hold—we can find no other fitting expression—of Marmontel, Grimm, Diderot, and Horace Walpole. They attended her little suppers regularly; they held forth brilliantly on politics, letters, and art, while Madame Geoffrin applauded discreetly and her husband dozed in his arm-chair. When their daughter married an old nobleman, royalists came to Madame Geoffrin's evenings: and it was then that only celebrities were admitted and that the "promising" people—if they had not already realised their hosts' expectations—were shown the door. When M. Geoffrin died, no one mourned him. His place at table was taken by some brilliant visitor, and his presence was never missed. The "salon" became a success, and Madame Geoffrin rejoiced. It was usual now for philosophers, actors, satirists, financiers, ministers, bishops, noblemen, artists, and distinguished foreigners to throng her house. What they did and what they say, we will leave the reader to find out—for M. Perry tells his story so well and so wittily that it would be a pity to forestall him. And then his book contains five other sketches of social life in the eighteenth century, all equally bright and entertaining.

(Continued on page 182.)

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Jacques le Croquant. By Eugène le Roy. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1900.

This is one of the most original novels we have come across for some time. It has as principal character one Jacques le Croquant who is but a child when his father, a miserable peasant, is sentenced to the galleys for the murder of the Marquis de Nausac's gamekeeper. Both mother and son are turned out of their wretched cottage by order of the brutal Marquis, and take to the woods. There, they toil together; there—after hearing of Le Croquant's death—they swear to be revenged on the Marquis—and when his mother dies also, Jacques sets fire to the wood and to other parts of de Nausac's property. Then, Jacques wanders; wanders until he meets a kindly abbé who makes him his protégé, and who teaches him, and who persuades him to abandon his plan of revenge. Time passes; Jacques, of course, falls in love. The abbé dies; Jacques is again persecuted by the Marquis, and as the scene is laid in the rough country of Périgord at a moment when the Bourbons are on the verge of losing their power, Jacques's invasion of de Nausac's castle (conducted also by the peasantry who have been no less persecuted and oppressed) cannot be condemned as a wild improbability. He and his accomplices are acquitted, however, on the score of extenuating circumstances. Jacques marries, and settles down. And the de Nausacs are plunged into a mean and deplorable poverty. The plot of M. de Roy's novel is absorbing, but the descriptive chapters on the wood and the character sketches of the de Nausacs and the abbé are undoubtedly the most powerful features of this remarkable book.

D'où vient la Décadence économique de la France? By Baron Charles Mourre. Paris: Plon. 1900.

"Nous sommes vaincus sur le terrain économique par les Anglais et les Allemands," declares Baron Mourre; and he attributes this inferiority to the disdain of the haute bourgeoisie for commerce, industry, and agriculture, and to its love of "le fonctionnairisme." To show how these prejudices against lucrative professions have arisen, Baron Mourre carefully examines the "caractère économique" of the French, going back as far as the Hundred Years' War, analysing the most powerful times of the Royalists, reflecting on the results of the Revolution. All this is carefully thought out and presented earnestly and clearly; and Baron Mourre again shows how thoroughly acquainted he is with his subject when, after deploring the decadence of commerce and industry in France, he examines the causes of commercial prosperity in England and Germany, and discusses the prospects of these two Powers.

Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire. 10 Mars 1793—31 Mai 1795. By Henri Wallon. Paris: Plon. 1900.

Although this is only an abridged edition of M. Wallon's powerful work of six volumes on the "Histoire du Tribunal Révolutionnaire," it will be of infinite use to those who have not sufficient time to take a long and exhaustive course of the history of the Revolution. With admirable clearness, M. Wallon presents portraits of Marat, Danton, Robespierre, and of all prominent revolutionary figures; and as each is treated with impartiality, the reader is sure of obtaining faithful impressions. Graphic descriptions of memorable moments abound; plots, trials, and executions, are criticised and commented on, and the result is a vivid and startling picture of the state of Paris from 1793 to 1795.

Le Sport en France et à l'étranger. Par le Baron de Vaux. Tome 1^{er}. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1899.

Le Baron de Vaux sketches with a light hand the biographies of many votaries of sport prominent in the "high life" of various European countries. The catholicity of the view with which he surveys sportive mankind may be gauged from the fact that we may read here the praises of emperors, premiers, kings, queens and crowds of sportsmen and women less illustrious. The portraits are numerous and excellent. We note with pleasure that the Baron recognises the immense strides made by the "honourable fencing mystery" in this country. He admits that we possess at least fifteen fencers fit to measure blades with the first fencers in France. The book is altogether worthy of the distinguished traditions of French courtesy and Parisian art-publications.

Almanach du Drapeau 1900. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

This volume is a marvellous collection of all the information which can legitimately interest the French soldier or sailor with regard to his own profession and all things cognate thereto. He may learn therein the elements of palmistry and how to conduct a naval war against England, which is not designated so by name, but is transparently but not very veraciously described as "l'agresseur." We must enter our protest against the comparative representations of colonial Empires. France alone is bringing blessings to her subjects, the others and especially England are represented in the attitudes of tyrants. We do not so read contemporary history. All the information regarding French military matters is apparently reliable and is a model of logical compilation.

Finlande et Caucase. By Pierre Morane. Paris: Plon. 1900.

This is the latest edition to M. Plon's excellent library of foreign travel. It comes at an appropriate moment too—for all Frenchmen sympathise with the trials of Finland in spite of their "alliance" with Russia. After a profound analysis of the political and intellectual history of Finland, M. Morane leads his reader into the queerest corners and among the queerest people. His sympathies, of course, are entirely with the proud and valiant race whose misfortunes have not been able to break its spirit; and although many of the descriptive passages in M. Morane's interesting volume make most distressing reading, there are bright and amusing scenes to relieve the gloom here and there. It is, on the whole, an extremely absorbing and well-written book.

Lucie Guérin: Marquise de Ponts. By Jean Bertheroy. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900.

M. Bertheroy has written a charming novel, without introducing intrigues and scandals like other favourite French authors. Lucie Guérin, his heroine, enters the château of the Marquis de Ponts as a sort of companion to his worldly and elderly sister. The Marquis, exhausted by fast living, is at once attracted by Lucie's beauty, grace, and invariable modesty. His guests, a number of poor and spiteful relations, are alarmed by his friendship for the solitary little companion, and gossip so scandalously that Lucie takes fright and flies to her home in Paris. The Marquis, after a time, follows her, and eventually takes her back to his château as—Madame la Marquise. There, she nurses her husband for years, and lives happily until Robert de Railles appears upon the scene. The Marquis is old; and Lucie and Robert fall in love; neither, however, can descend to disgracing her house by an intrigue. They struggle, but run away together at last; and before the Marquis (who has followed them) dies in their cottage, he bids them be happy and forgives them. Lucie, the old Marquis, and Robert are all capably drawn; and the book itself is a good example of M. Bertheroy's invariably graceful style.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 1 Février.

A dull number. A long and tedious article by Dr. Kuyper a Dutch Deputy leads off and contains as much honest information about the South African crisis as one could expect from such a source. It may be gratifying to learn that if the author were not a Dutchman he would be an Englishman, but it would please us better if, remaining a Dutchman, he would try to judge Englishmen more fairly. "Quand Même" is an account of the siege of Belfort rendered in the form of letters by Paul and Victor Margueritte who have already given the world good work of the same kind.

Revue Bleue. 3 Février.

Ladig's character sketch of M. Sully Prudhomme is one of the best things that clever humourist has done. A collection of his "Silhouettes Parisiennes" would form a capital portrait gallery of celebrated characters, and we hope to hear of the publication of these papers in book form before long.

For This Week's Books see page 184.

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